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AIR FORCES

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● Due to difficulty in obtaining good leather because of war conditions, the supply of these Billfolds is limited. Remember, you get 3 Big Values for only \$1.98. So rush your order today! If after receiving your Engraved Billfold, you don't positively agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you ever came across, return it and we'll refund the money.

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If you want a LODGE, ARMY, or NAVY INSIGNIA, state name here—
☐ I enclose \$1.98, plus new 20% Federal Tax (total \$2.37). Please send me prepaid a Smart Leather Billfold with my name and favorite Emblem engraved in 23k Gold. You are also to include the Emergency Identification Plate carrying my Full Name, Address, Social Security No.

MY FULL NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ Check here if you want us to ship the above C. O. D. for only \$1.98 plus 20% Tax, postage and C. O. D. charges.

Rush Your Order! OUR SUPPLY OF LEATHER BILLFOLDS IS LIMITED!



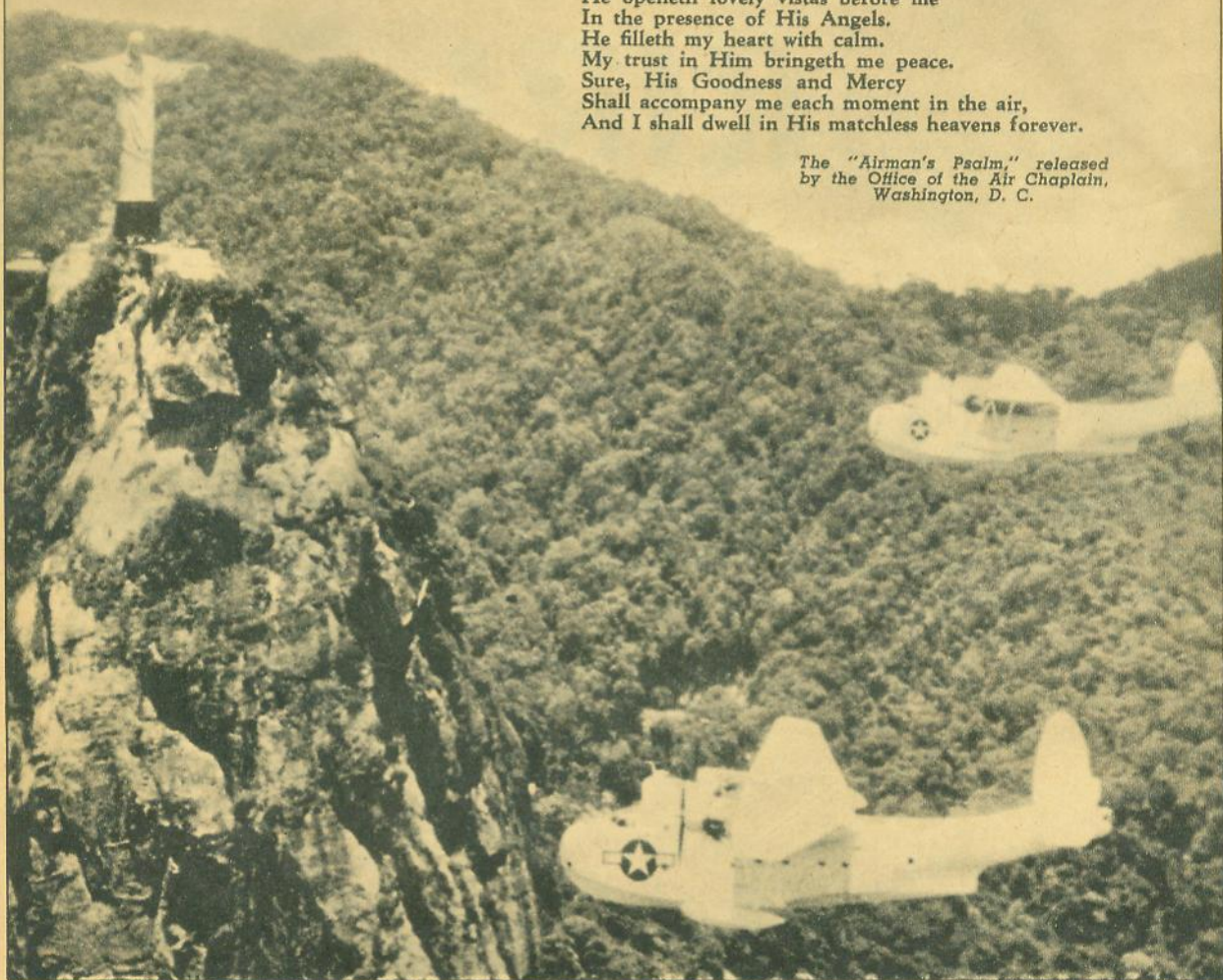
CARRION CARRIER of Nippon. Crewmen on a Jap flat-top are waving goodbye to planes taking off to attack Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. "On the faces of those who go forth to conquer and those who send them off there floats only that beautiful smile which transcends death." (Jap caption.)

Another Nipponese propaganda photo gives JAP'S-EYE VIEW of Pearl Harbor (below) as the little brown buzzards attack. In the background, hangars at Hickam Field are burning. (The editors do not mind letting the Nips have this first page, because the Shambos take a beating from here on!)



The Lord is my Pilot. I shall not falter.
 He sustaineth me as I span the heavens;
 He leadeth me, steady, o'er the skyways.
 He refresheth my soul.
 For He showeth me the wonders of His firmament,
 For His Name's sake.
 Yea, though I fly through treacherous storms and darkness
 I shall fear no evil, for He is with me.
 His Providence and Nearness they comfort me.
 He openeth lovely vistas before me
 In the presence of His Angels.
 He filleth my heart with calm.
 My trust in Him bringeth me peace.
 Sure, His Goodness and Mercy
 Shall accompany me each moment in the air,
 And I shall dwell in His matchless heavens forever.

The "Airman's Psalm," released
 by the Office of the Air Chaplain,
 Washington, D. C.



RAYMOND KRANK, Managing Editor

VINCENT SULLIVAN, Editor

CREIG FLESSSEL, Art Director

CONTENTS

Hara Kiri.....	Page 3	The Wild Blue Yonder.....	Page 26
Sulphur Island.....	5	Death March.....	28
The Seven Angels.....	8	Date in "Dago".....	33
Short Snorters.....	10	George Does It.....	38
Hellcat in a Hot Spot.....	11	Target, Tokyo.....	39
Air Lens.....	12	Blind Man's Buffer.....	42
Springboard to China.....	15	Taps.....	43
Acey-Deucey.....	20	Grasshoppers.....	44
South Atlantic Sweep.....	22	Bomb Run.....	47
Saipan Sunsetters.....	48		

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SULPHUR ISLAND

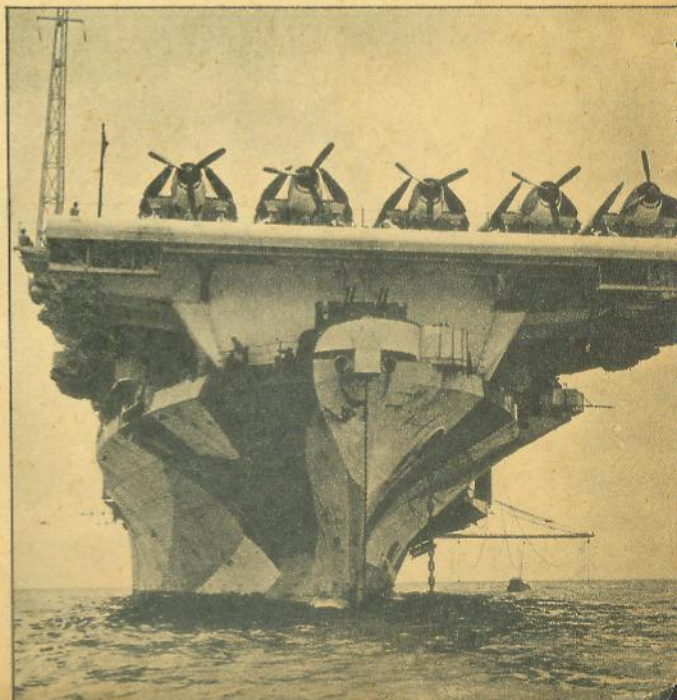


WESTWARD ROLL THE CARRIERS, DEATH ON DECK AND DEATH BELOW, DEATH FOR JAPAN! Some of them must seem like ocean ghosts to the Nipponese who meet them, because they are named *Lexington*, *Hornet*, *Saratoga*—and these are the names of carriers the Japs know are sunk and buried forever beneath the grim Pacific. The planes they carry bear ominous identification too: *Hellcats*, *Helldivers*, *Avengers*. There are too many of them for the desperate men of Nippon to destroy and their number is ever increasing. Planes and carriers, striking more and more boldly, steadily drawing closer to Japan itself. Sombre portents, these big floating airbases always herald coming events—gloomy events which the Japs dread—for the carrier forces are the spearheads of *invasion*! So, on February 16, 1945, the Nipponese war lords trembled when aircraft of the famous Task Force 58 suddenly swarmed over Tokyo, striking right and left at tree-top level, blasting airfields, damaging factories, sinking ships, destroying hundreds of planes in the air and on the ground. And this awful blow was no mere "thirty seconds" affair: the hard-hitting American carriers were still off the coast on the following day, their planes were still striking savagely. It looked like D-Day for Japan. But it wasn't, not yet. It was *Iwo Jima*!

HEAVY SEAS. This carrier protects her planes from high winds with barriers on the flight deck.



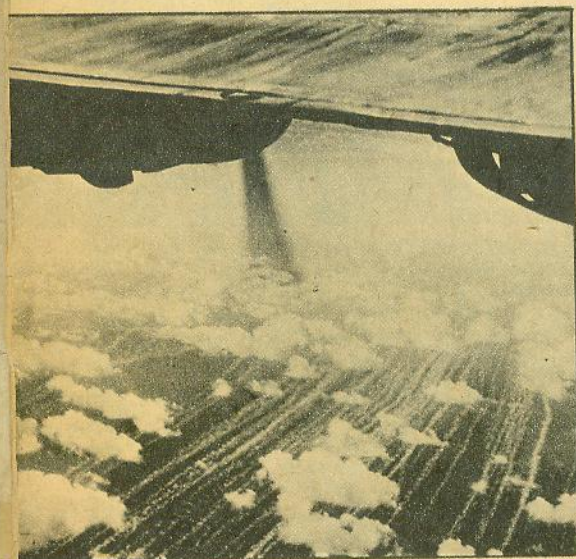
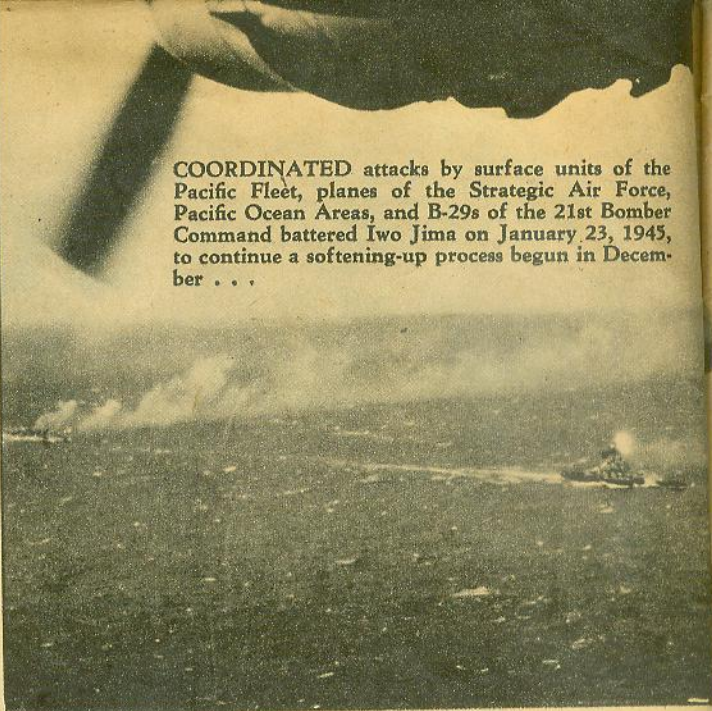
HORNET. Replacing the famous carrier that bore that gallant name, the *Hornet* sits for a portrait.



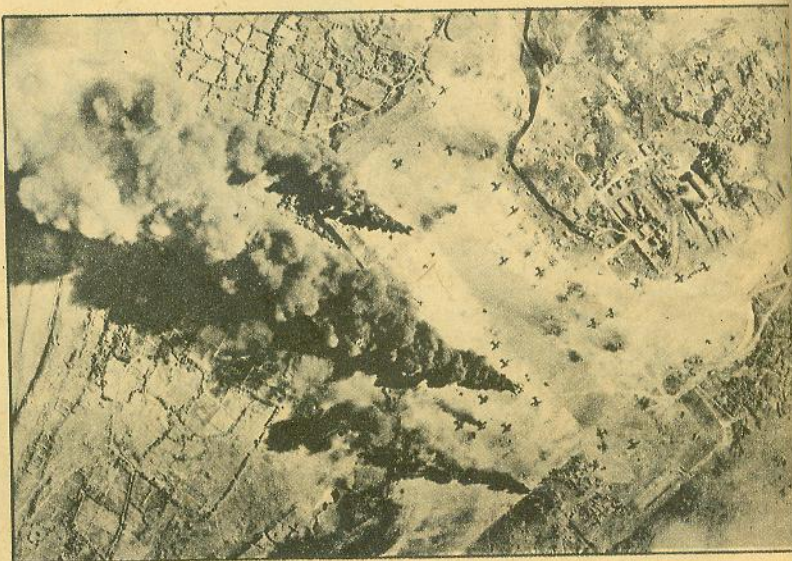


JIMA is Jap for *island* and Iwo means *sulphur*. Dominated by the volcano, Mt. Suribachi, on its southern tip, Sulphur Island is well named. Here we see another good reason for the name—in the black pall of smoke caused by U. S. Navy bombs . . .

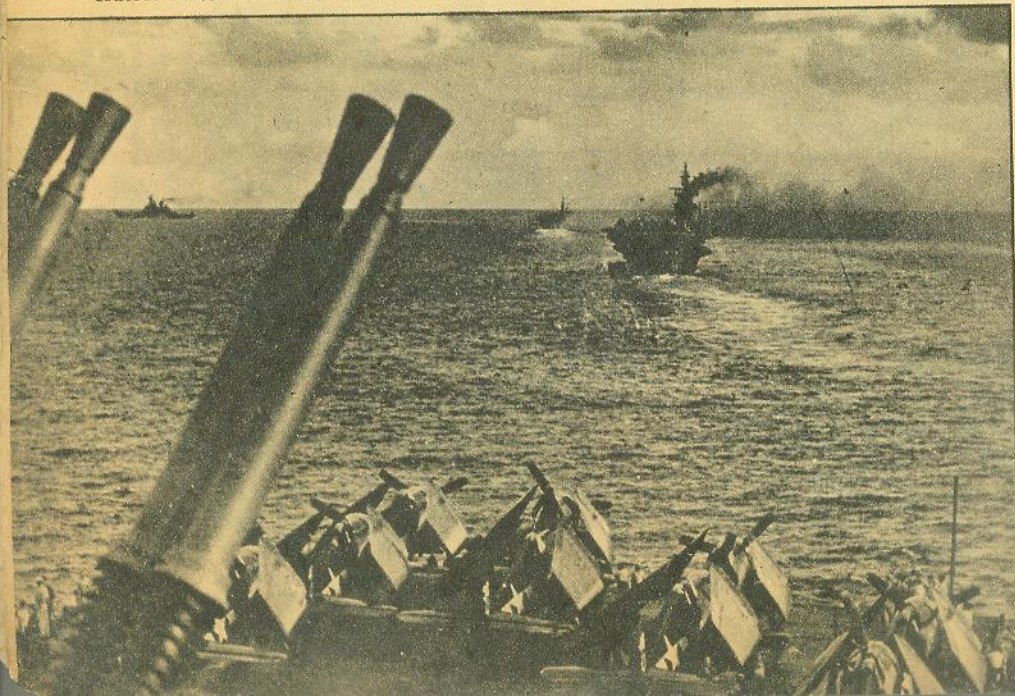
COORDINATED attacks by surface units of the Pacific Fleet, planes of the Strategic Air Force, Pacific Ocean Areas, and B-29s of the 21st Bomber Command battered Iwo Jima on January 23, 1945, to continue a softening-up process begun in December . . .



PHOSPHORUS bombs dropped in its path by Jap fighters failed to stop this Navy Liberator. Note "tentacles" of bomb burst . . .

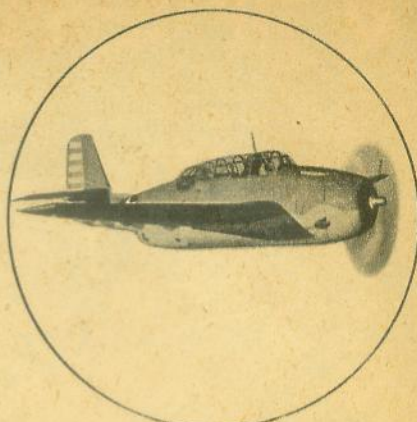


HIT AGAIN, but good was Iwo Jima, as this Army Air Forces picture clearly shows. 7th Air Force bombardiers said that the planes parked on the bomb-pocked air strip were "like fish in a barrel . . ."



★
GRIMLY RELENTLESS, the American hammering went on, day after day without a break. For seventy consecutive days, bombs fell on Iwo, smashing at its airfields and installations. From the sea and from the air, the mighty arms of America flailed this tiny island which is only five miles long by two miles wide at its extremes. Then, when the time was ripe, the great flat-tops moved northwest, sailing toward Japan . . .

SWARMS of planes descended upon Japan, stunning the Nipponese with their sudden appearance, their numbers, and the violence of their attack. Here are Hellcats on the way.



HELLDIVERS roared over Nippon, and Grumman AVENGERS thundered across Tokyo Bay. It was a catastrophic blow. But, 750 miles away, doom was moving towards the main American objective—Iwo Jima . . . !



THE MARINES hit Iwo on the heels of the diversionary attack on Tokyo. The Joint Chiefs of Staff wanted the island, so . . .



DANTE'S INFERNO had nothing on Iwo. It was the most savage and costly battle the Marines had ever fought. The Japs died hard—but they died!



TOUGH MEN, like this Leatherneck in Iwo's interior, went out and took it . . . !




THE SPIRIT of the men who took Iwo is grounded in an essential faith in God. Here are Marines, heads bowed in prayer, attending Mass on Mt. Suribachi, which their courage had won.



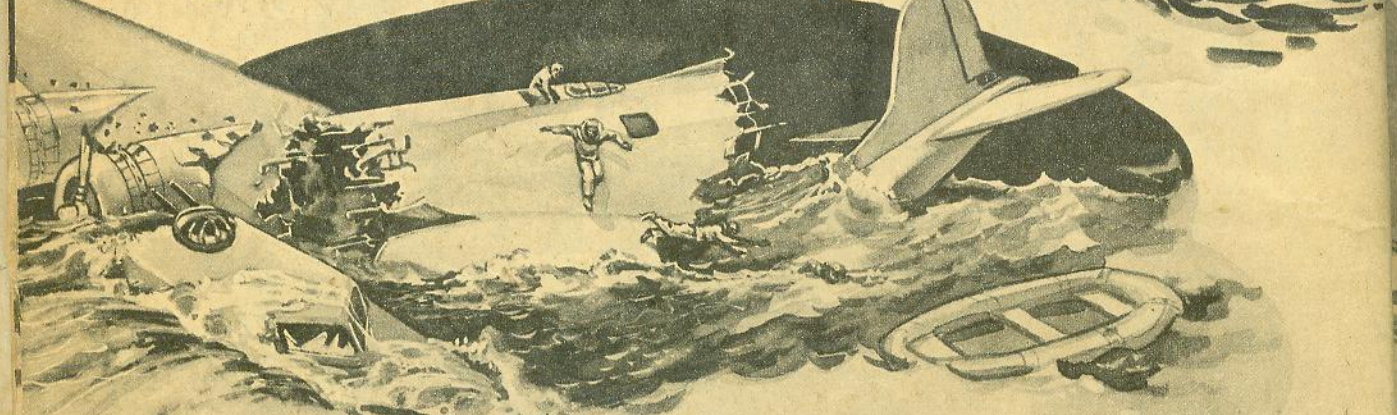
The Seven Angels

OVER 1800 years ago, St. John the Apostle prophesied what would happen to the crew of a Flying Fortress returning from a raid over Germany . . .

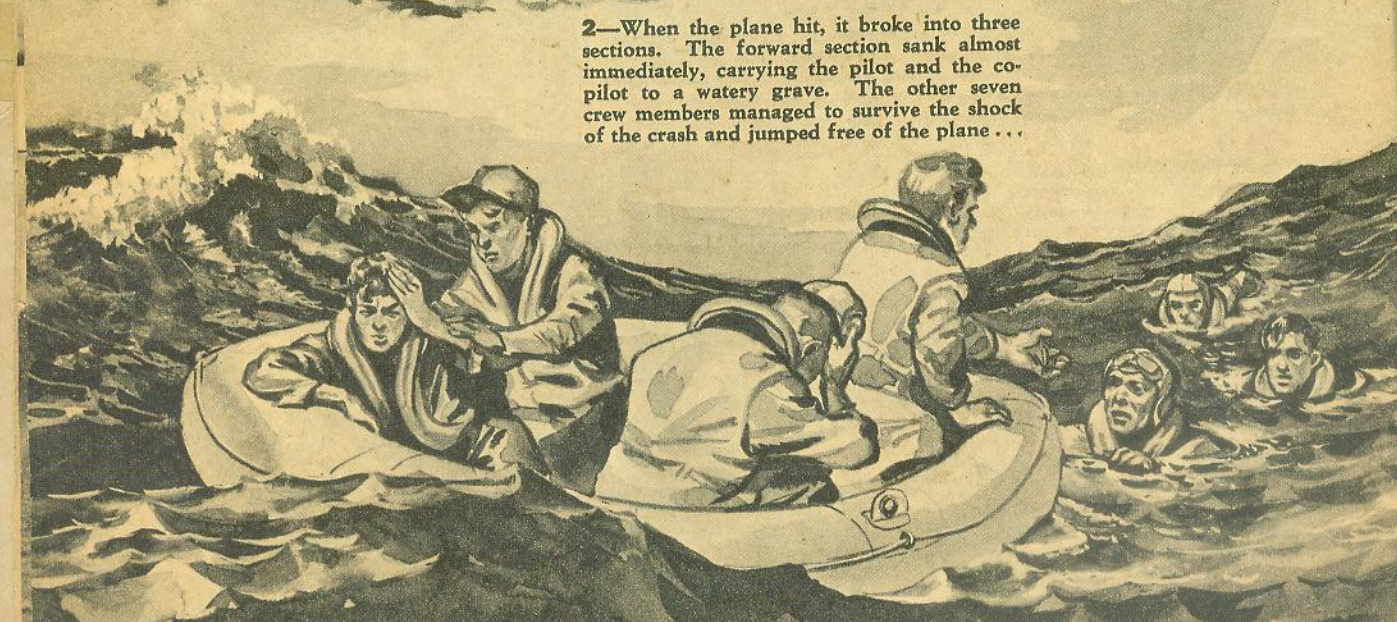


1—Limping home with one motor chewed up by heavy flak, the Flying Fortress *Heavenly Body* had to crash land in the Channel when two more motors quit. And St. John, in Chapter VIII of the Apocalypse, said:

"And a great star fell from heaven . . ."



2—When the plane hit, it broke into three sections. The forward section sank almost immediately, carrying the pilot and the co-pilot to a watery grave. The other seven crew members managed to survive the shock of the crash and jumped free of the plane . . .



3—The seven survivors scrambled into a rubber life raft and hung on for dear life, thankful to be alive after their harrowing experience. And in the Apocalypse of St. John, these prophetic words were written:

"And I saw seven angels standing in the presence of God . . ."

4—Some time later, a British patrol plane spotted the Americans and, radioing their location to his home base, asked for a rescue launch to be sent. St. John's words in Revelation are:

"And another angel came . . ."



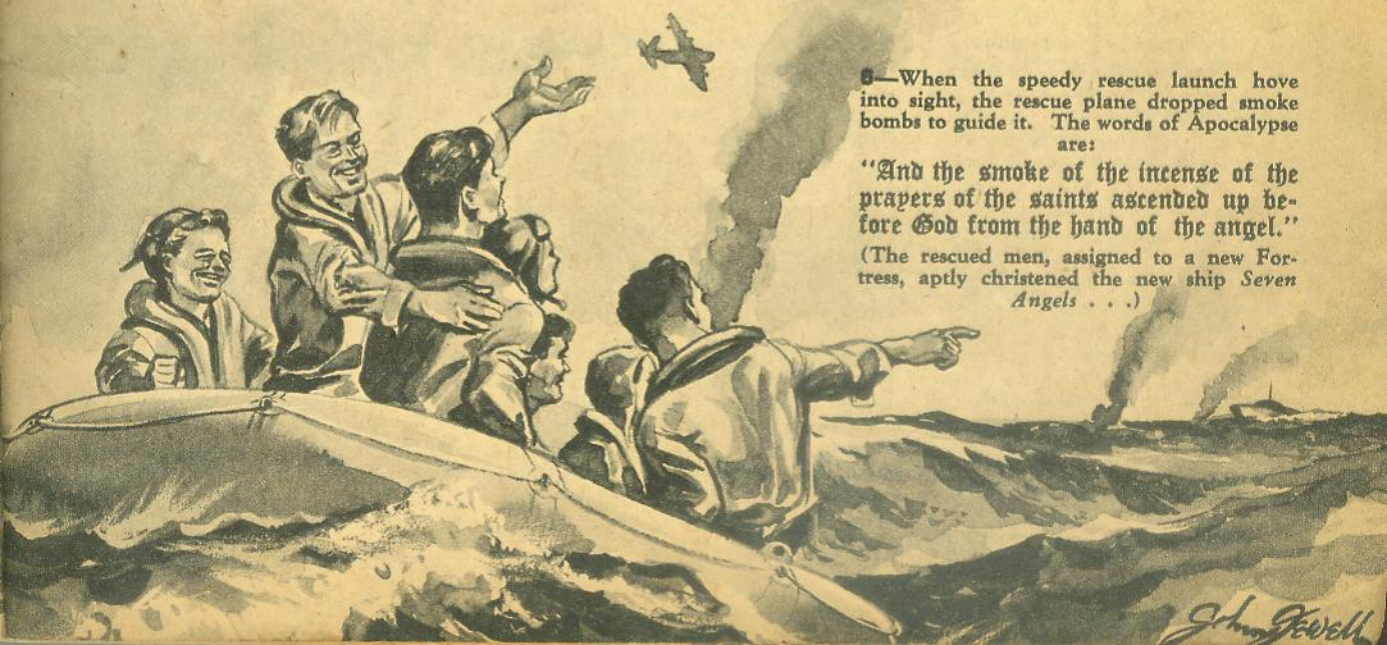
5—Surmising that the pilot of the circling plane had radioed for help, the men on the raft looked towards the English coast for an expectant thirty minutes. And according to the prophet:

"There was silence in the heaven, as it were for half an hour . . ."

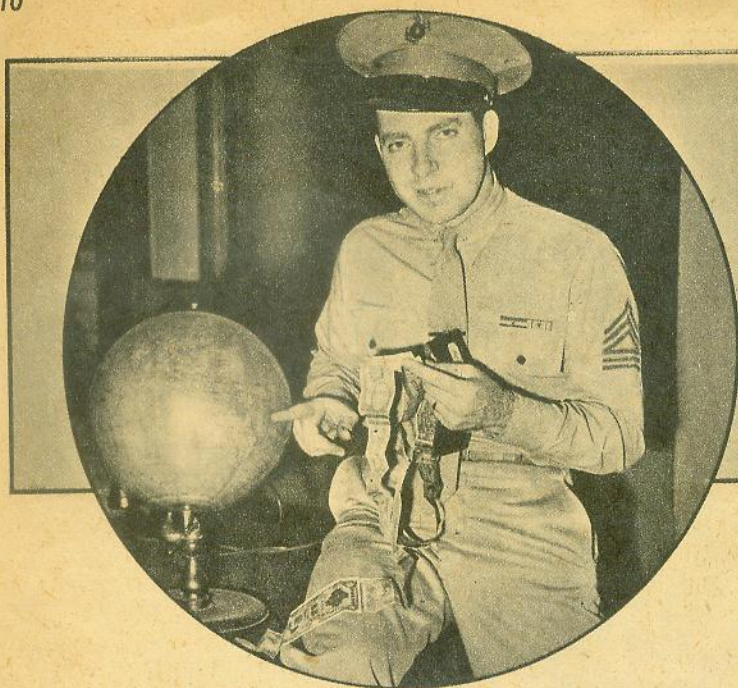
6—When the speedy rescue launch hove into sight, the rescue plane dropped smoke bombs to guide it. The words of Apocalypse are:

"And the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the saints ascended up before God from the hand of the angel."

(The rescued men, assigned to a new Fortress, aptly christened the new ship *Seven Angels* . . .)



John Jewell



Short Snorters

By MT/Sergeant Gene Ward

U. S. Marine Corps Combat Correspondent

MEN who fly are a clubby bunch. They like to join social organizations, especially of their own creation—and the screwier the better. There is the famous "Caterpillar Club," for instance; all you have to do to get into it is to have your life saved by a parachute. More recently, in New Guinea, "The Pedestrian Club of Papua" was formed, because so many airmen crashed in those jungled hills that the bush was always full of aviators, walking back to base.

Most notable today is the Society of the Short-Snorter, a world-wide "club" whose membership rolls contain the names of some of our tortured globe's highest-ranking personages—Presidents, Premiers, and Kings. As you might have suspected, the "Short-Snorters" Society started at the nearest bar. Airmen—pilots, navigators, and such—often met others of the sky clan in far-off places like Shanghai, Honolulu, Pago Pago, Cairo, and lesser way-stations. Quite naturally, the fraternal spirit of the men who ride the airlines of the world prompted a quick adjournment to the nearest brass-rail or cafe for (you guessed it!) a short snort.

To become a member-in-good-standing of the Short-Snorters you can't be just any old plane traveler. No, you must prove that you have flown an ocean, the rules of the organization calling for "a non-stop flight of a thousand miles or more over water." (A nice technical point could be raised by an eccentric who elected to cruise back and forth for the required mileage in a helicopter above his own bath-tub!)

Proof of this qualifying flight must be attested to by at least two members-in-good-standing of the Society.

To each of these members the enrollee turns over one dollar, and a third buck is duly inscribed with the date, flight made, and other pertinent data. This third bill is kept as a membership card.

Of course, the new Short-Snorter can from that day on swear in any other eligibles, thus getting back his own dough and more.

But don't ever forget that "membership certificate!" Don't accidentally spend it in the corner ice cream parlor. Because, my pals—and it's a big BECAUSE—if you happen to be caught without your certificate bill by another Short-Snorter, it means you buy a round of drinks for the house, the price per drink anywhere from two bits to a buck, depending on the whim of the catcher and the class of the jernt into which this fellow member happens to drag you.

Starting with the original dollar, the Short-Snorter adds a bill from the currency of each country visited. Some of the original charter members have Short-Snorter certificates yards long. One Army bomber colonel's string of Short-Snorter bills is so long he can wrap it around his abdomen five times—and does on the least provocation.

Your correspondent's own qualification for membership was accomplished on a four-day hop from Ewa Marine Air Station on Oahu, Hawaii, to Christmas Island, to Tutuila, American Samoa, to Naudi. Fiji Islands, to Tontouta, New Caledonia. Since then, the original bill has been lengthened by currency of the New Hebrides, New Zealand, Panama Canal Zone, Puerto Rico, Brazil, and, last but not least, the Gilbert Islands, where we picked up a few choice bits of Japanese "long green" on Tarawa.

It all adds up to a very interesting portable travelogue with which to impress friends and influence bartenders. And not only that, it's positively an Open Sesame for those with autograph tendencies, because it makes the approach a dead cinch.

Take thirteen-year-old Jimmy Green of Forest Hills, Long Island. Out at LaGuardia Field one afternoon, Jimmy, one of the country's youngest Short-Snorters, spotted a plane-load of Army and Navy gold-braid which had landed and was just discharging its passengers. There were General "Hap" Arnold, Army Air Forces chief; Brigadier General Laverne G. Saunders, Deputy Chief of Staff for the AAF; Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman of the United States Maritime Commission, and several others.

Quick as a flash Jimmy dashed out and challenged them to produce their Short-Snorters. They had 'em all right, but Jimmy wound up with an impressive array of names on his own bill.

One Philadelphia groundling, Police Detective Lechter Caruthers, whose longest plane ride was of ten minutes duration fifteen years ago, became an honorary Short-Snorter by accident. He received a bill in change from a restaurant, inscribed: "Trans-Atlantic flight, 6/12/43," and signed by President Roosevelt, Henry A. Wallace, Cordell Hull, Wendell Willkie, and Winston Churchill!

An Army captain reluctantly surrendered his one-dollar Short-Snorter bill to a Fort Washington Avenue newsdealer who couldn't change a twenty-dollar bill.

"He said he'd be back for it," stated the newsdealer, "—and I looked quick to see why. Do you know, it had the signatures of Anthony Eden, ex-Governor Herbert H. Lehman, Representative Sol Bloom, Adolphe Menjou, Carole Landis, Field Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell and a dozen or so others....!"

And that's how Mike, the newsdealer, learned about the badge of membership in the Short-Snorters. And now, lads and lassies, you know too.

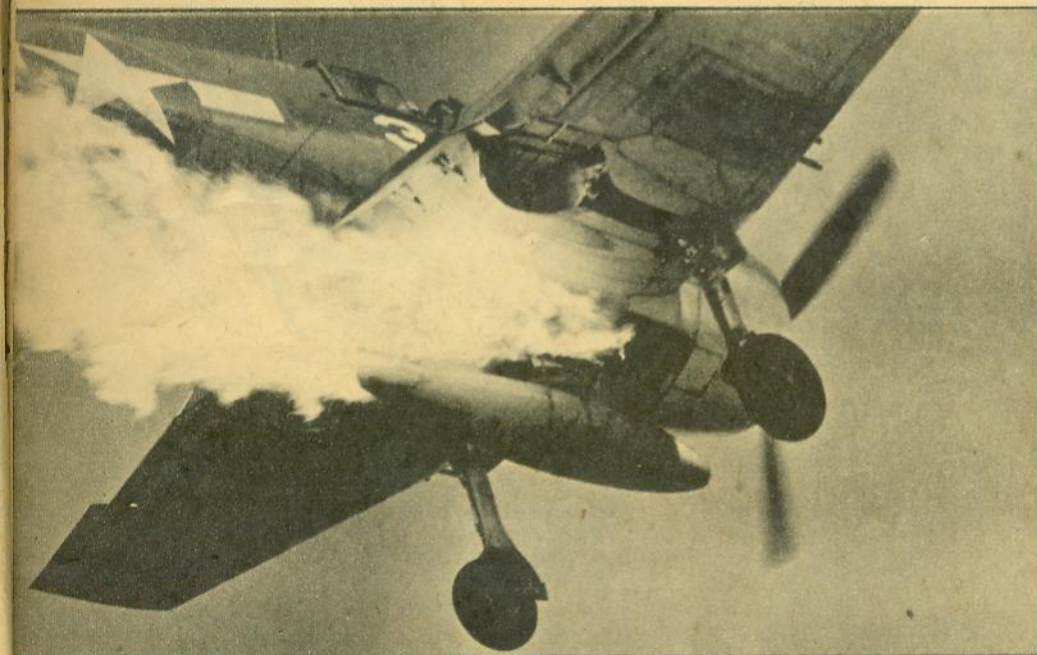
HELLCAT

in a

HOTSPOT

FLAMING like a meteor, a Navy F6F approaches its carrier, the *USS Cowpens*, during operations in the Pacific, and in these spectacular Navy pictures the teamwork of carrier fire-fighting units is dramatically demonstrated.

As the blazing plane approaches, emergency squads standing by along the cat-walk prepare to go into action. Fire-fighters in red caps, first-aid men in green caps, are poised to scramble up the flight deck and perform their carefully rehearsed tasks of saving pilot and plane to fight again. But the situation looks desperate. . . .



★

The pilot, Lieut. Alfred W. Magee, Jr., USNR, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has cut his engine for a landing, but he is unaware that the underside of his Grumman Hellcat's fuselage has burst into flame. To the waiting men below, there appears little hope that either pilot or plane can survive. . . .

★

On the deck, engine stopped, pilot Magee, dragging his parachute, hot-foots it along the wing of his blazing craft as the fire-fighting crews move into position. . . .

Still carrying his 'chute, Lieut. Magee jumps to safety off the wing tip, and the fire-fighters go to work to smother the blaze with chemicals. The plane was saved.



AIR LENS

CAMERA HIGHLIGHTS OF AVIATION AT WAR

"I'll moider d' bum!"

"Hmm . . . Everybody's here but Don George. . ."



1—DON'T LOOK NOW! Former pro wrestler, Don George, a Navy Pre-Flight instructor, sets out to attack an unsuspecting cadet in hand-to-hand combat demonstration.

3—SORRY, SALLY! Well painted but no lady, this Jap bomber, known as a "Sally," went up in smoke a few seconds after picture was taken—destroyed by the 5th Air Force's parafrag bombs, seen here just before they hit.

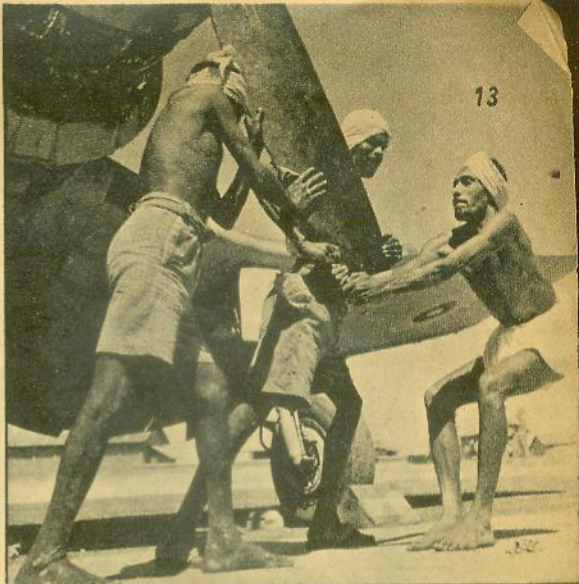


2—BIBLE LESSON was taught when this steel-covered Good Book stopped a flak fragment that might otherwise have hit 8th AAF bombardier's heart.

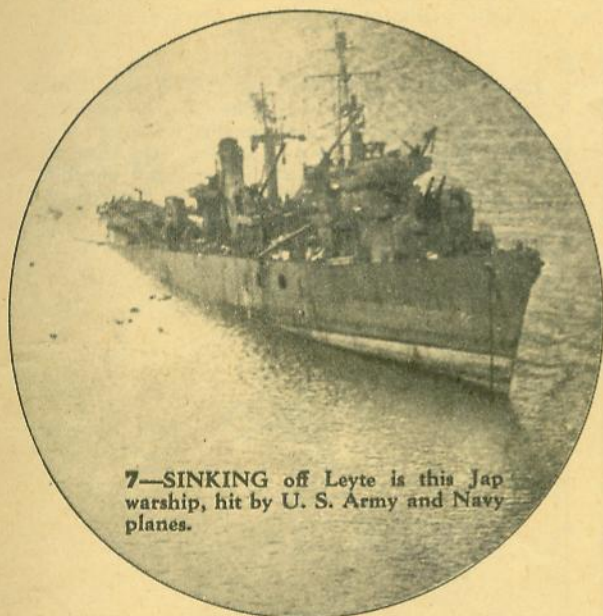
4—HAVOC—above and below! An A-20 *Havoc* of the U. S. Army 5th Air Force flies away from the havoc it has just wrought on an oil storage tank at Boela on Ceram Island, Netherlands East Indies.



5—NIPS SCORE! During a carrier battle, cagy Jap fliers got past plane guard, hit this flat-top.



6—EAST MEETS WEST in Ceylon, where turban-topped Tamile natives spin prop of American Vought Corsair, Lend-Leased to British.

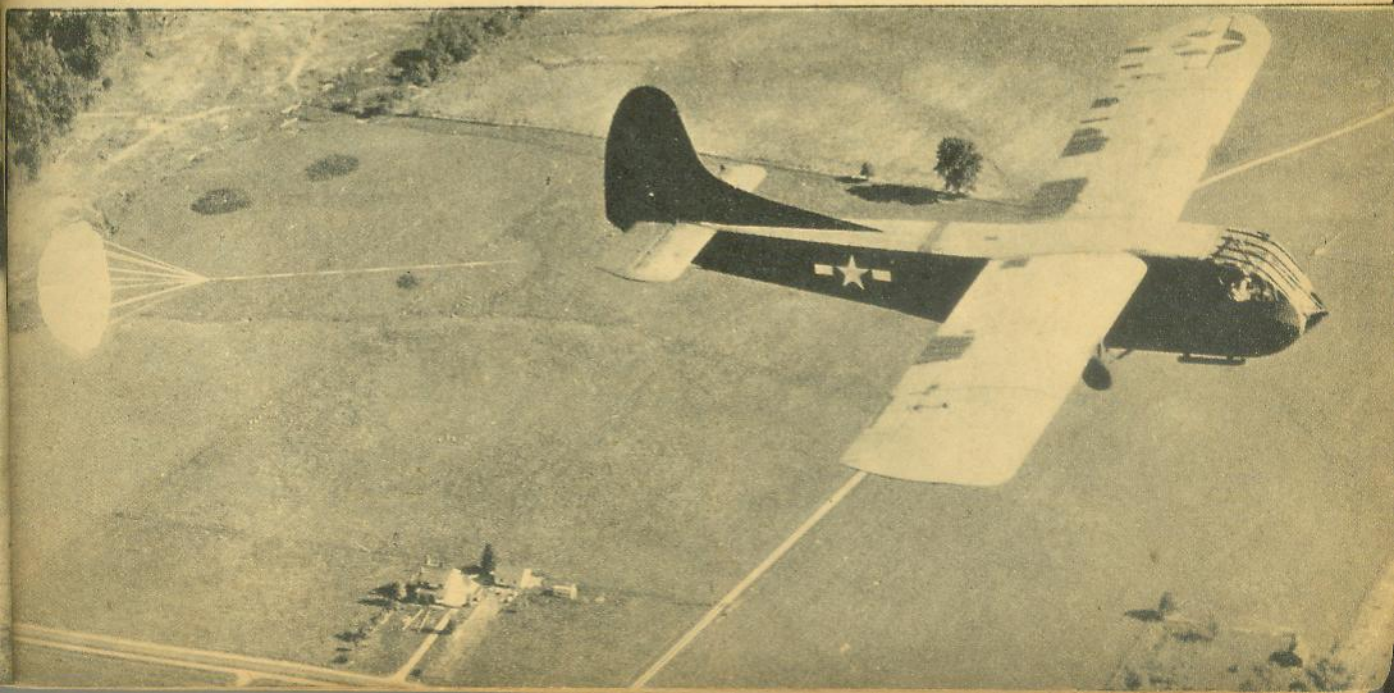


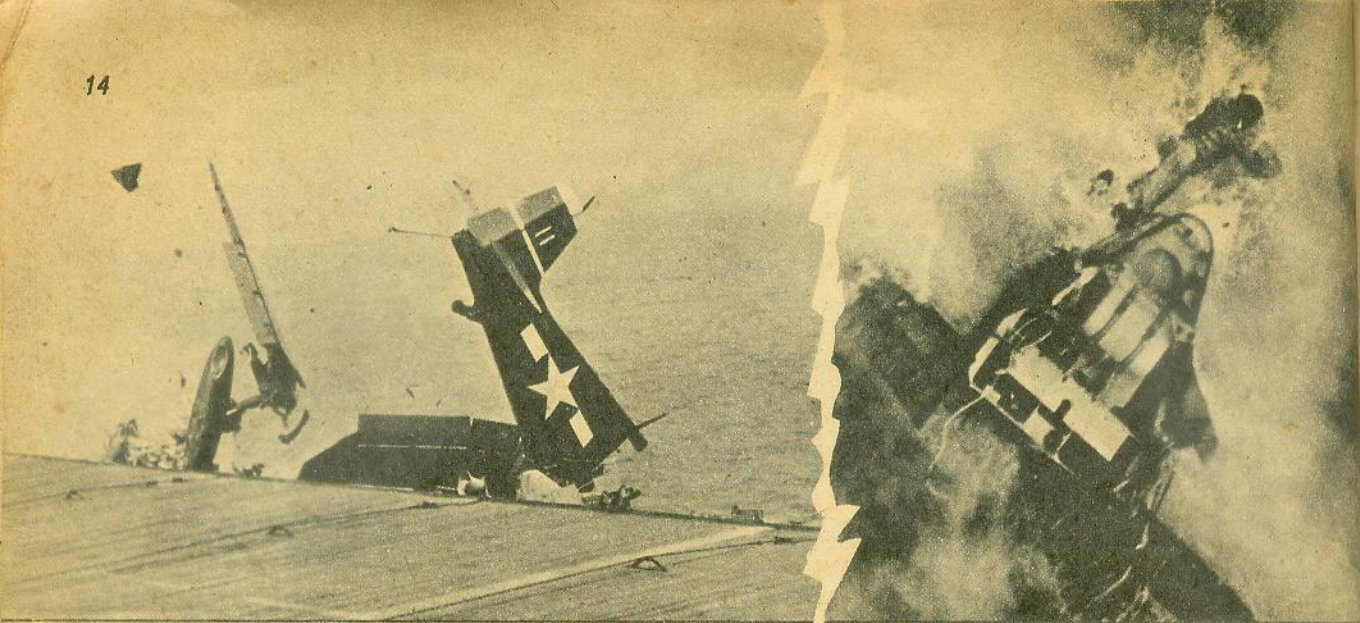
7—SINKING off Leyte is this Jap warship, hit by U. S. Army and Navy planes.



8—WAR took toll of this Rhone River bridge, near Toulon, France. Fighter-bombers of the Mediterranean Allied Air Force did this thorough job.

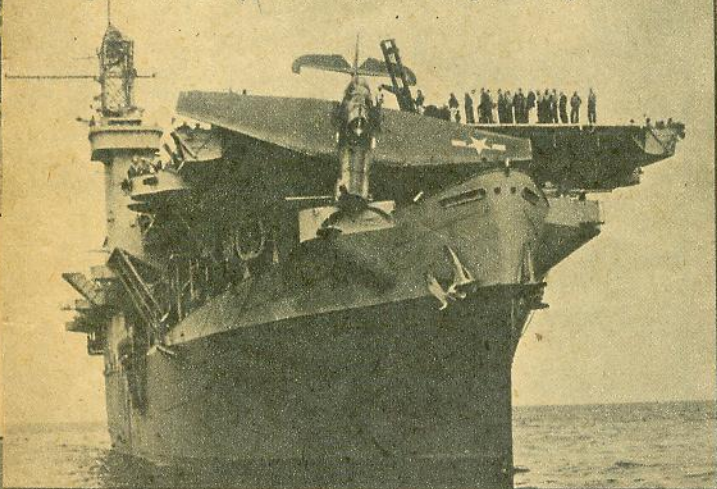
9—NYLON stockings on a girl's legs often stopped admiring males; now a ten-foot nylon glider drag parachute serves as a giant air brake to slow landing of this Waco CG-4A glider in a test landing at Clinton County Army Air Base, in Ohio.



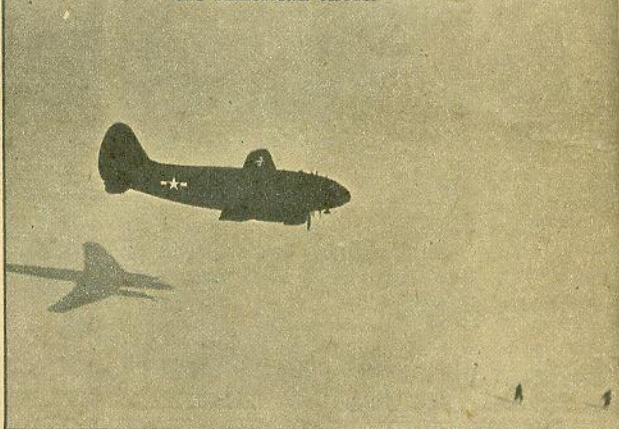


10—BREAKING APART just back of the cockpit, a Navy plane goes over the side of a carrier on duty near the Philippines (left). One wing and the belly tank are still in the air as the other wing smashes in the catwalk. The pilot is in the cockpit, but he unbuckles his safety belt and swims clear of the sinking wreckage (right).

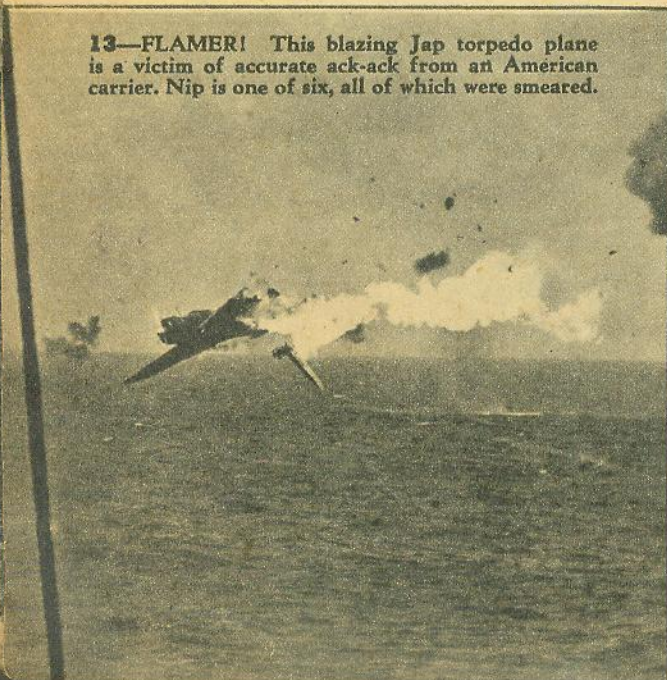
11—OVERRUNNING the flight deck when the pilot failed to "cut the gun" soon enough, this *Avenger* plunged into the forward five-inch gun mount. The pilot was lucky, however, and escaped uninjured.



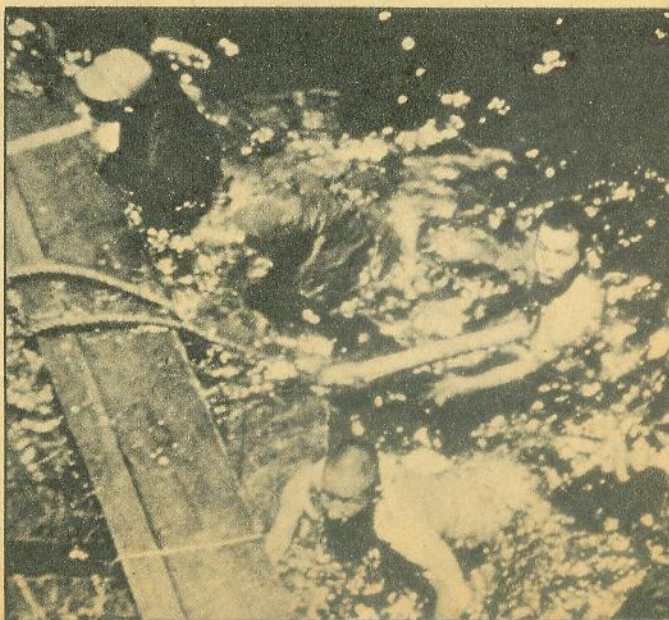
12—RESCUE MISSION of this Curtiss C-46 *Commando* was successful when its crew sighted two brothers who had been missing on ice-covered Lake Erie for more than 24 hours. The crew of the C-46 kept the brothers in sight and directed the operations of a Coast Guard rescue party from the American shore.

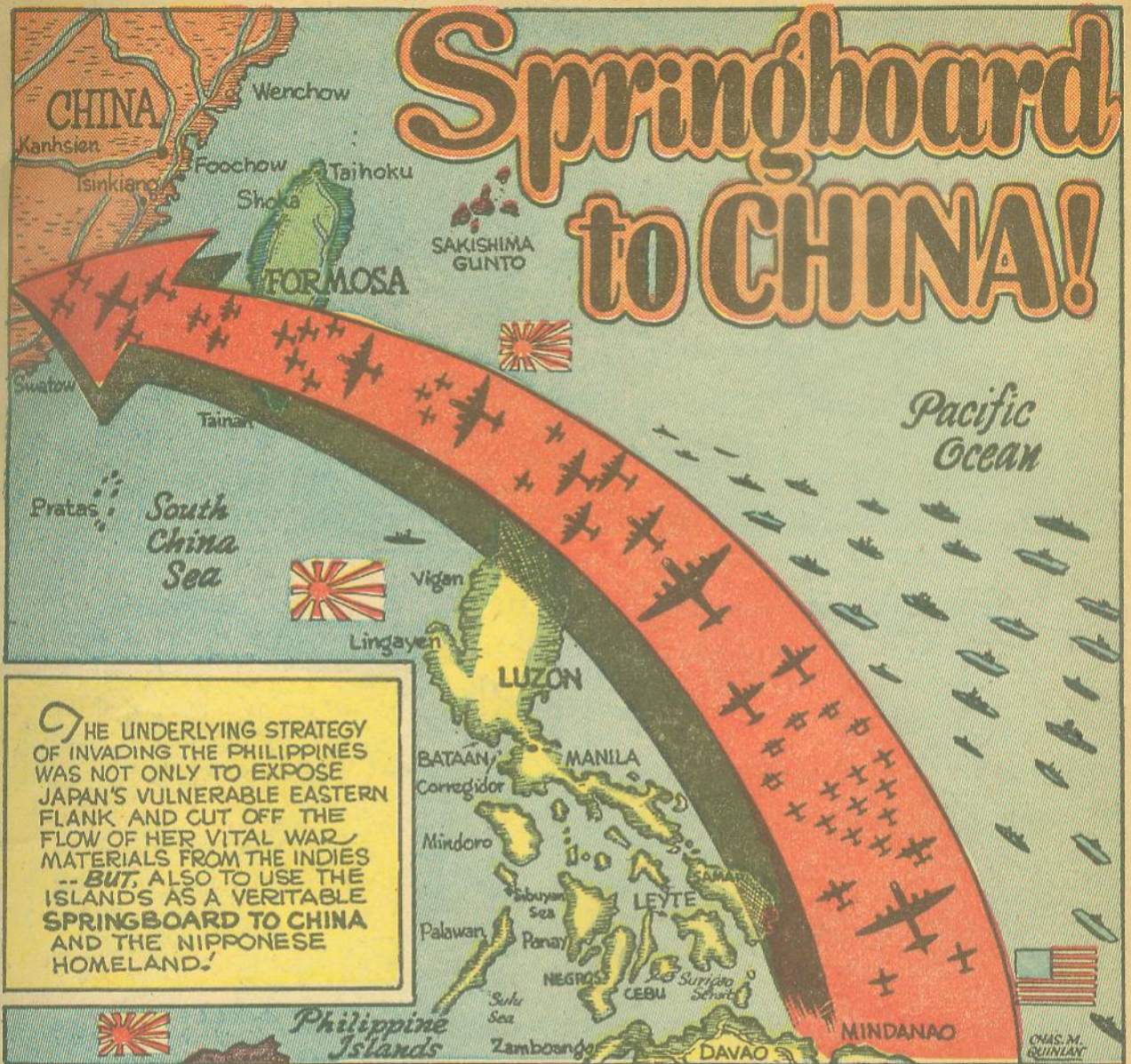


13—FLAMER! This blazing Jap torpedo plane is a victim of accurate ack-ack from an American carrier. Nip is one of six, all of which were smeared.



14—ALL WET but ready to dry up for the duration are these Jap airmen being fished out of the Pacific after having come out second best in air battles with Yanks.

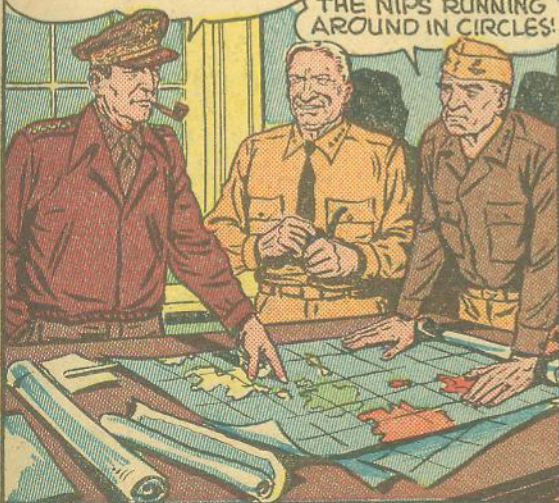




THE UNDERLYING STRATEGY OF INVADING THE PHILIPPINES WAS NOT ONLY TO EXPOSE JAPAN'S VULNERABLE EASTERN FLANK AND CUT OFF THE FLOW OF HER VITAL WAR MATERIALS FROM THE INDIES -- **BUT**, ALSO TO USE THE ISLANDS AS A VERITABLE **SPRINGBOARD TO CHINA** AND THE NIPPONESE HOMELAND!

IN THIS CASE **TACTICAL SURPRISE** IS AN ABSOLUTE ESSENTIAL!

WE'LL MAKE DIVERSIONARY RAIDS THAT WILL HAVE THE NIPS RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES!



IT SURE LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE REALLY GOIN' TO POP NOW AND WON'T THOSE MONKEYS BE SURPRISED!



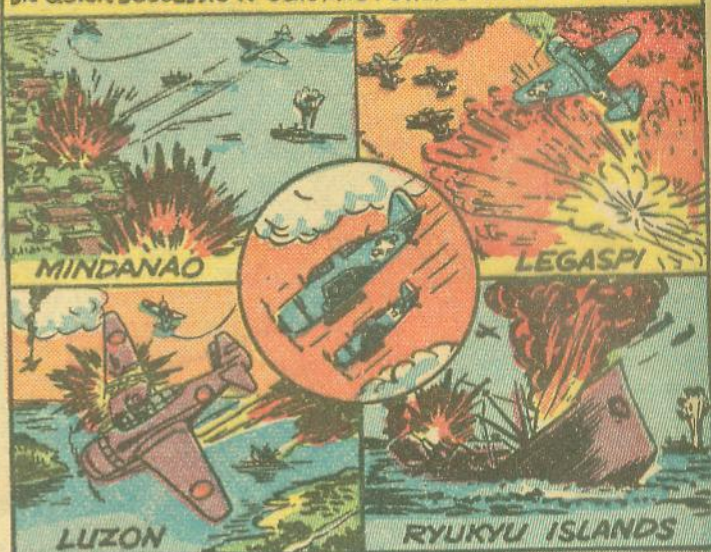
THEN WHILE THE GREAT ARMADA
STEAMED NORTH!

ANY SHIPS OUR
BOMBERS MISS
WON'T GET OUT THRU
HERE ANYWAY!

YEAH, THIS MINE
FIELD WE'RE
LAYING CLOSES
MANILA BAY
UNTIL MACARTHUR
OPENS IT UP



IN QUICK SUCCESSION OUR AIR-POWER STRUCK AT.....



THAT MUST BE
SOME FIGHTOUT
THERE, WE'VE
BEEN HITTING
FORMOSA FOR
OVER A WEEK!



ALL THOSE EGGS
FALLING ON FORMOSA
SHOULD LEAVE IT
PLENTY SCRAMBLED!

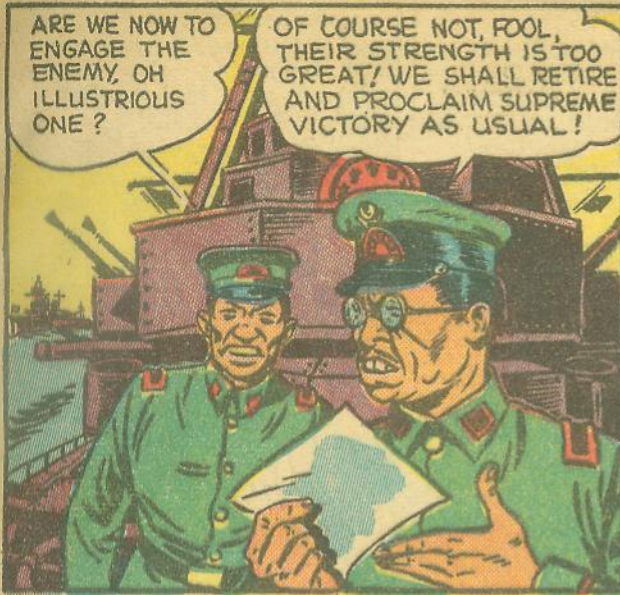


THERE'S SOMETHING
MIGHTY BIG IN THE
WIND WHEN THEY CALL
ON US TO HELP
'EM OUT!



REELING UNDER THE DEADLY BLOWS INFLICTED BY
OUR AIRCRAFT, THE JAP NAVY HAD NO ALTERNATIVE
---- BUT TO COME OUT AND FIGHT!





ARE WE NOW TO ENGAGE THE ENEMY, OH ILLUSTRIOUS ONE?

OF COURSE NOT, FOOL. THEIR STRENGTH IS TOO GREAT! WE SHALL RETIRE AND PROCLAIM SUPREME VICTORY AS USUAL!



THEIR PLANES COVER THE SKY AND HIDE THE SUN, THEIR SHIPS ON THE SEAS ARE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE!

IT IS THE TRUTH AND WHO KNOWS WHERE THEY WILL STRIKE NEXT? WHY IT MAY EVEN BE...HERE!

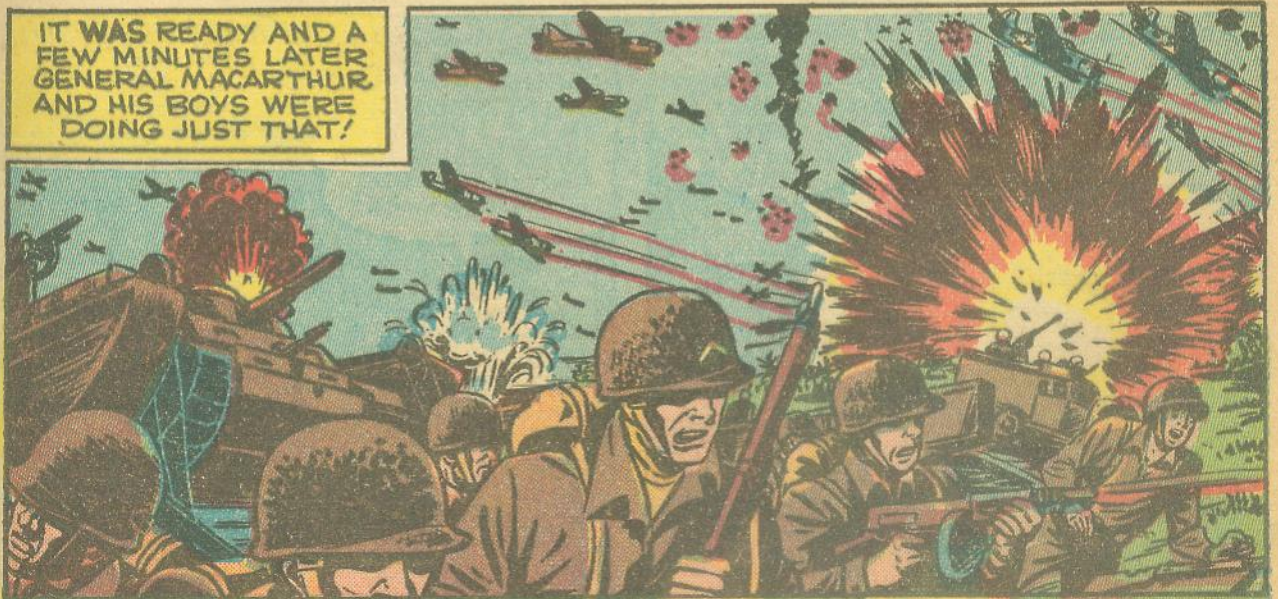
AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE QUESTION WAS BEING ANSWERED...

A CONVOY OF OVER SIX HUNDRED SHIPS CARRYING OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION YANKEE FIGHTING MEN WERE ON THE ROAD BACK TO THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

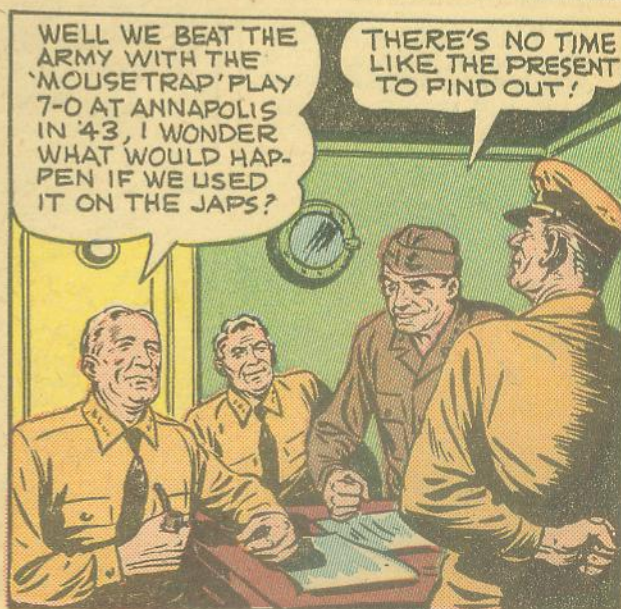


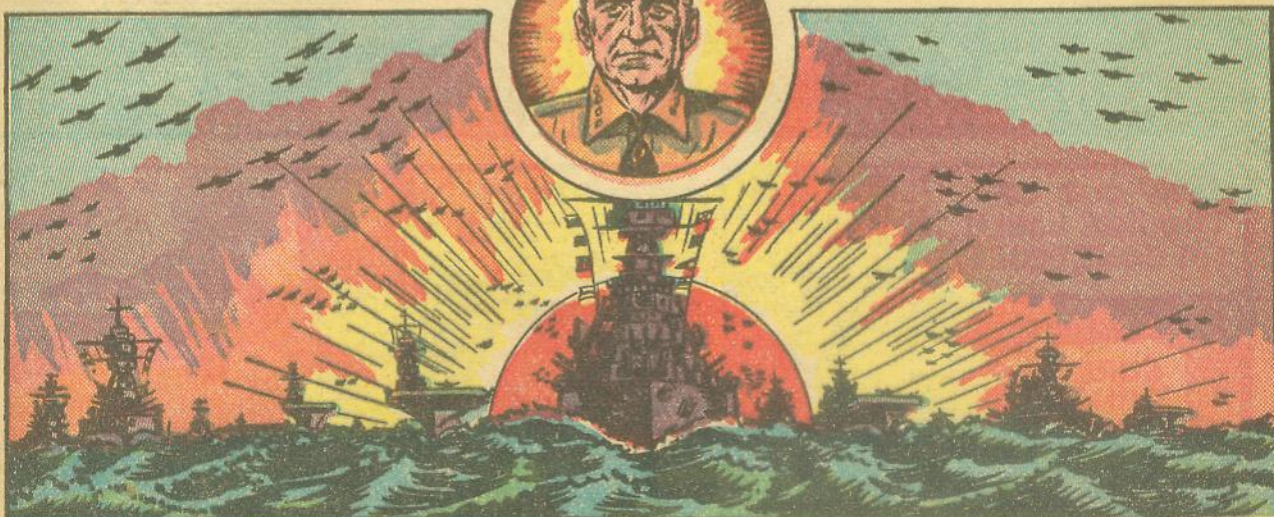
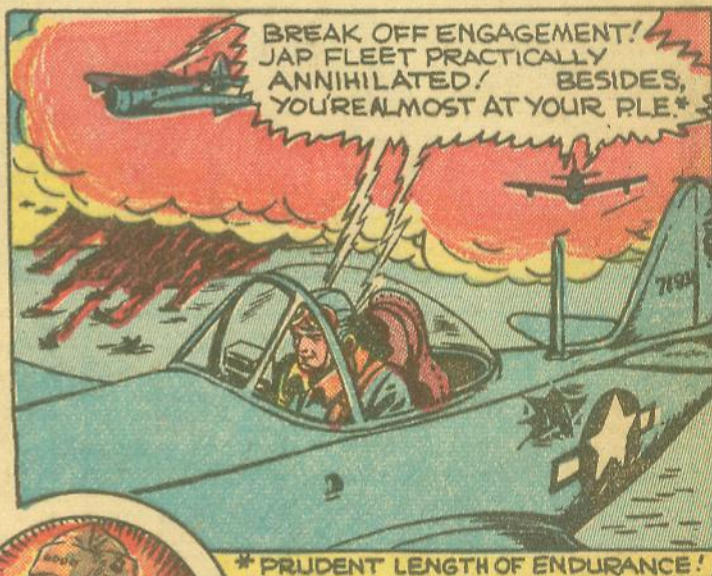
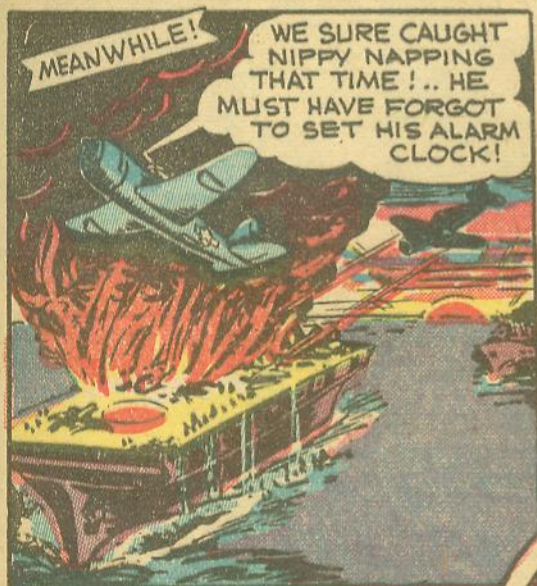
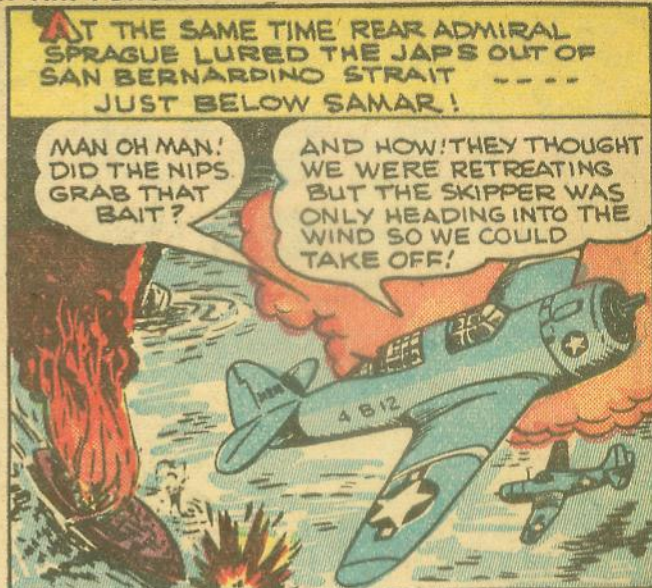
WE'VE BEEN POUNDING LEYTE FOR 48 HOURS, IT OUGHT TO BE ABOUT READY FOR MACARTHUR AND HIS BOYS TO GO IN!

IT WAS READY AND A FEW MINUTES LATER GENERAL MACARTHUR AND HIS BOYS WERE DOING JUST THAT!



THE AMERICAN AIR FORCES

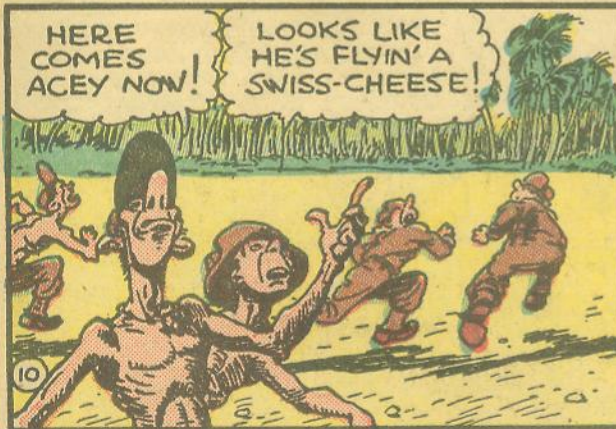
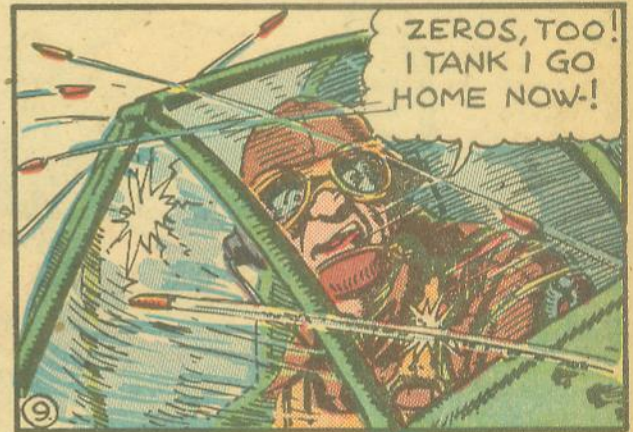
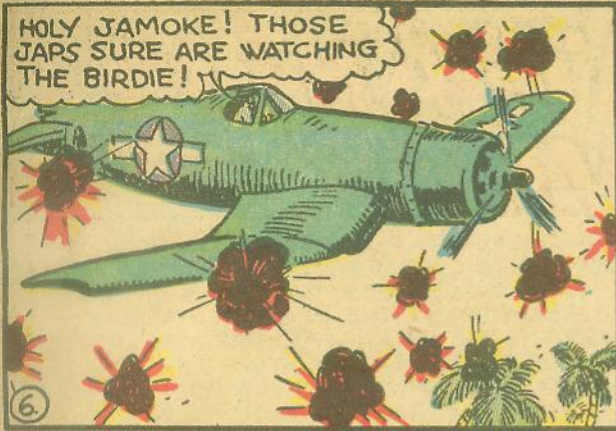




APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH ON NAVY DAY, OCT. 27TH, ADMIRAL HALSEY ANNOUNCED THAT THE JAP FLEET WAS BEATEN, ROUTED AND BROKEN! NAVY AIRCRAFT PREDOMINATED IN THE ACTION THAT SECURED THE PHILIPPINE INVASION AND ESTABLISHED THE SPRINGBOARD TO CHINA!

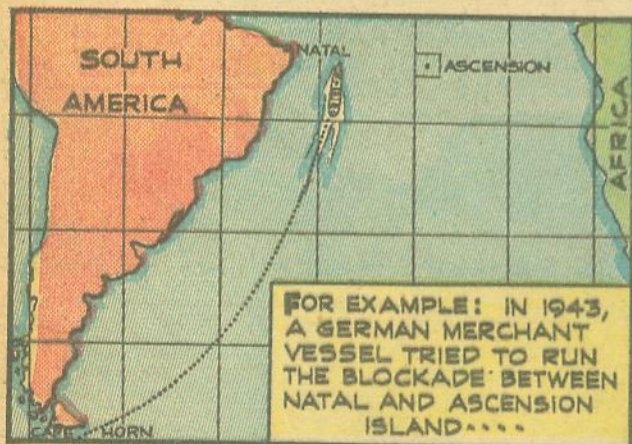
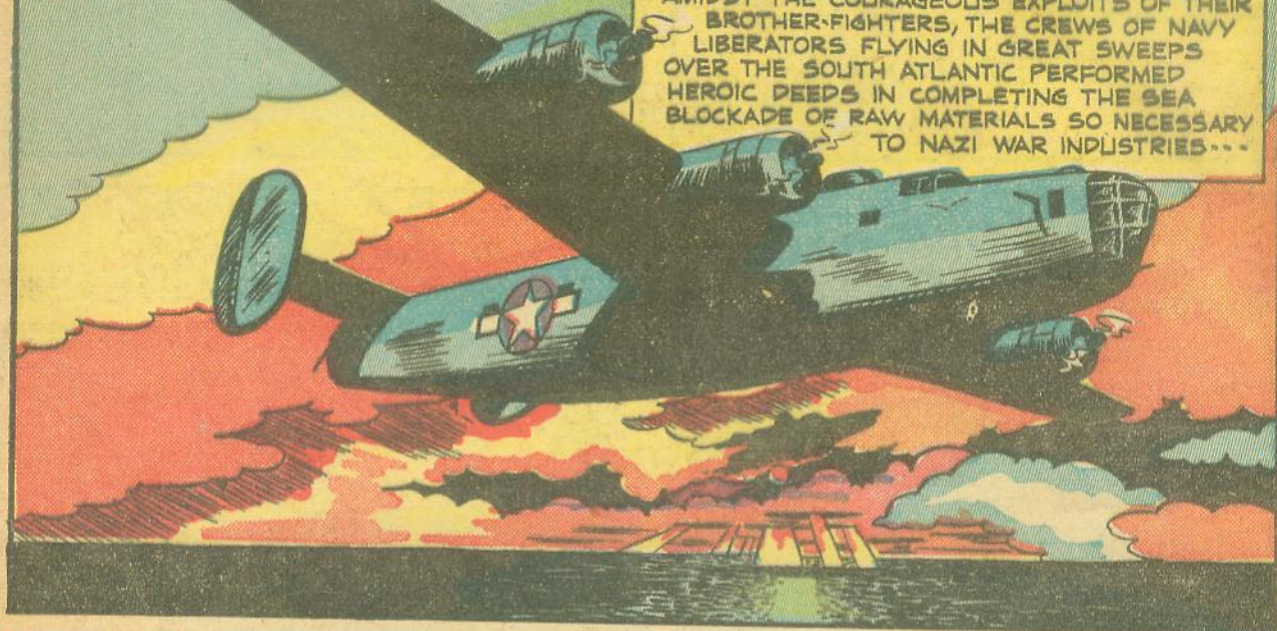
ACEY-DEUCEY





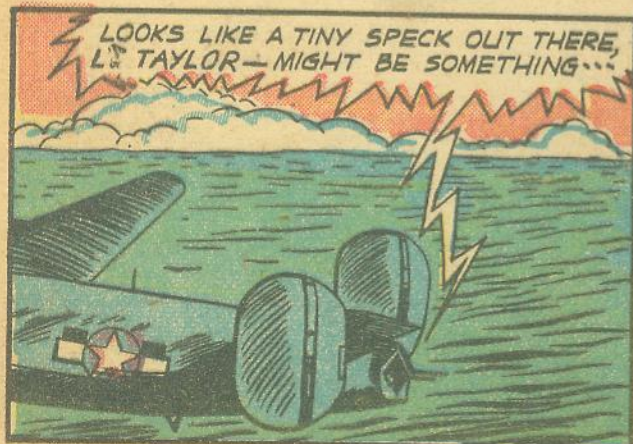
SOUTH ATLANTIC SWEEP

UNHERALDED AND ALMOST FORGOTTEN AMIDST THE COURAGEOUS EXPLOITS OF THEIR BROTHER-FIGHTERS, THE CREWS OF NAVY LIBERATORS FLYING IN GREAT SWEEPS OVER THE SOUTH ATLANTIC PERFORMED HEROIC DEEDS IN COMPLETING THE SEA BLOCKADE OF RAW MATERIALS SO NECESSARY TO NAZI WAR INDUSTRIES...



LOOKING FOR A SUB AROUND HERE IS LIKE LOOKING FOR DANDRUFF ON A BALD HEADED GUY!

I DON'T KNOW...WE HAVE A PERFECT RECORD SO FAR—NOTHING HAS SLIPPED BY US YET.



HUH! HER IDENTIFICATION PENNANTS ANSWERING OUR CHALLENGE ARE FOULED IN THE HAL-YARDS...

MAYBE WE'D BETTER GO DOWN AND TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE—BUT FAST!
THAT'S A HEINIE SHIP AND THEY'RE
NOT THROWING BOUQUETS!



MACGREGOR CAUGHT
A COUPLE OF
SLUGS...

WE'VE REACHED OUR
PLE*. WE'RE TAKING
A "FIX" AND HEADING
HOME.....

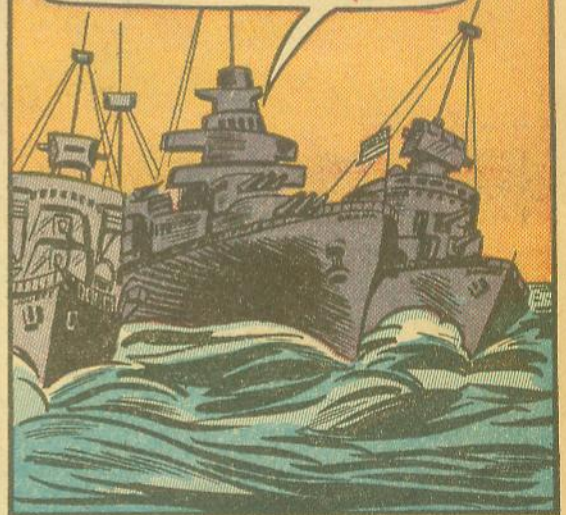


PLE* = PRUDENT LENGTH OF ENDURANCE

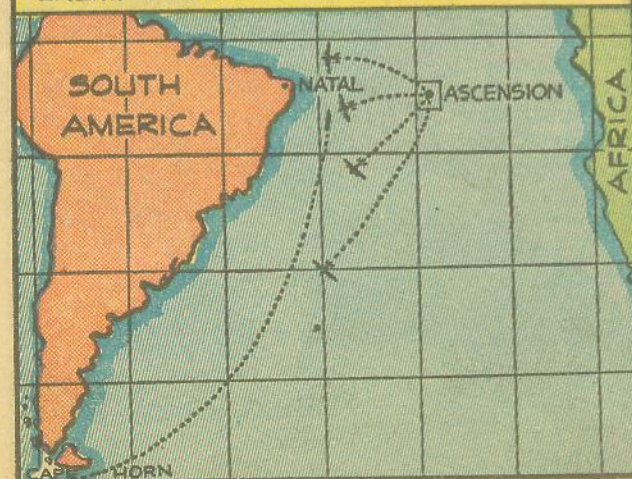
INFORM LIEUT. FORD (TAYLOR'S
RELIEF) THAT IT IS IMPERATIVE
TO KEEP THAT SHIP IN SIGHT.
CONTACT ADMIRAL INGRAM TO
DESPATCH SOME SHIPS AT
ONCE TO INTERCEPT A GER-
MAN MERCHANT VESSEL
GOING NORTH.



GIVE 'ER ALL SHE CAN TAKE. WE CAN'T
LET THAT SHIP SLIP THRU.....



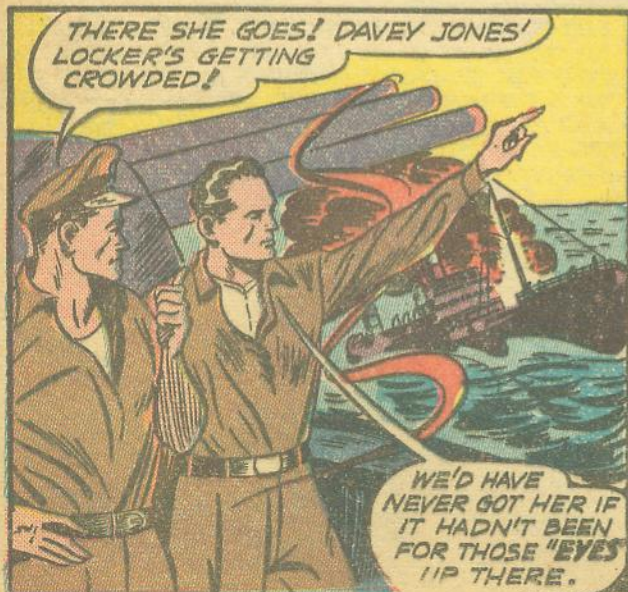
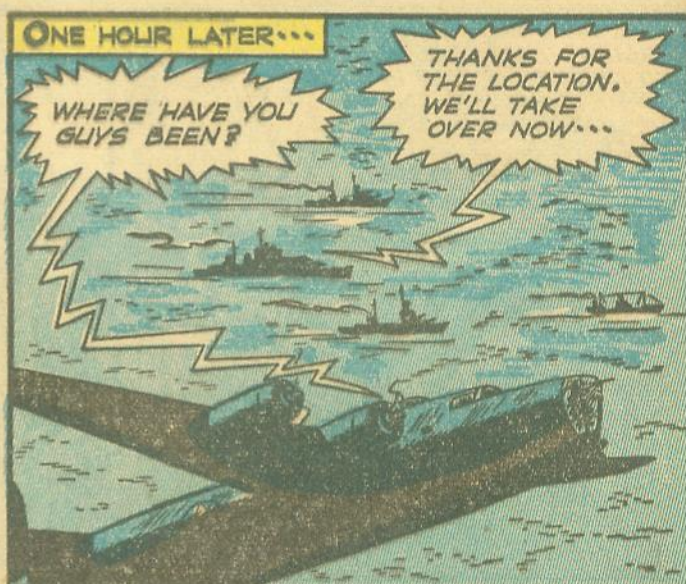
LIEUTENANTS JOHNSON, HILL, FORD, BUR-
TON AND WALKER WERE NOW PATROLLING
THE AREA IN RELAYS TO PICK UP THE
ENEMY BLOCKADE RUNNER.

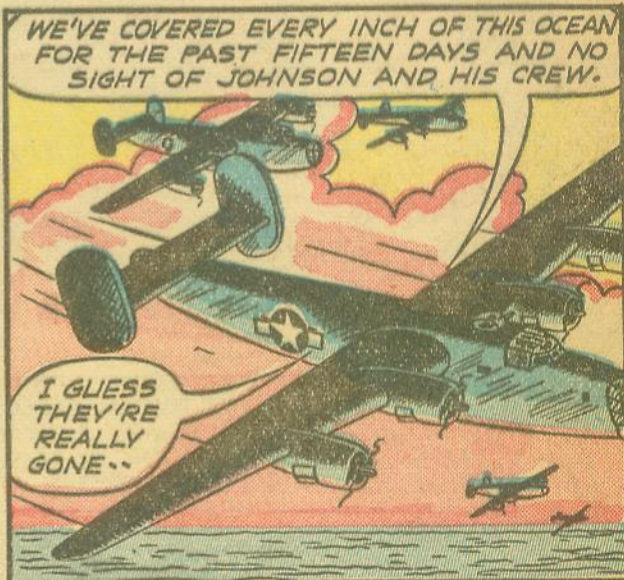
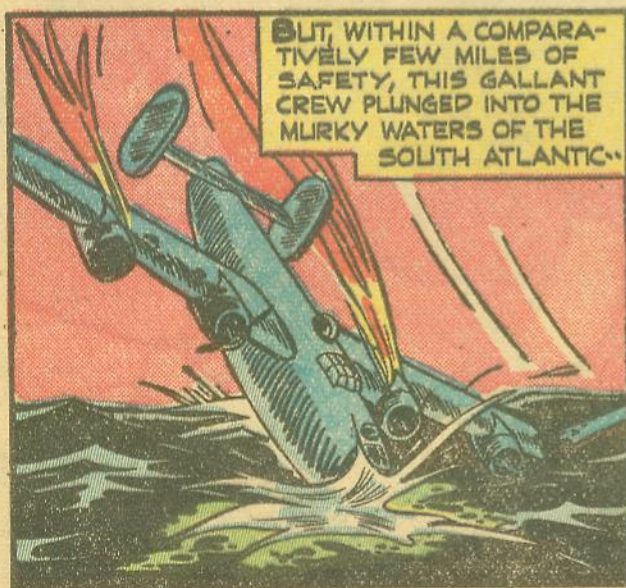


LIEUT. JOHNSON, THIS CAN'T
BE THE SAME SHIP. IT HAS
TWO SMOKESTACKS, IS PAINT-
ED A DIFFERENT COLOR,
AND IS
TRAVELING
SOUTH!

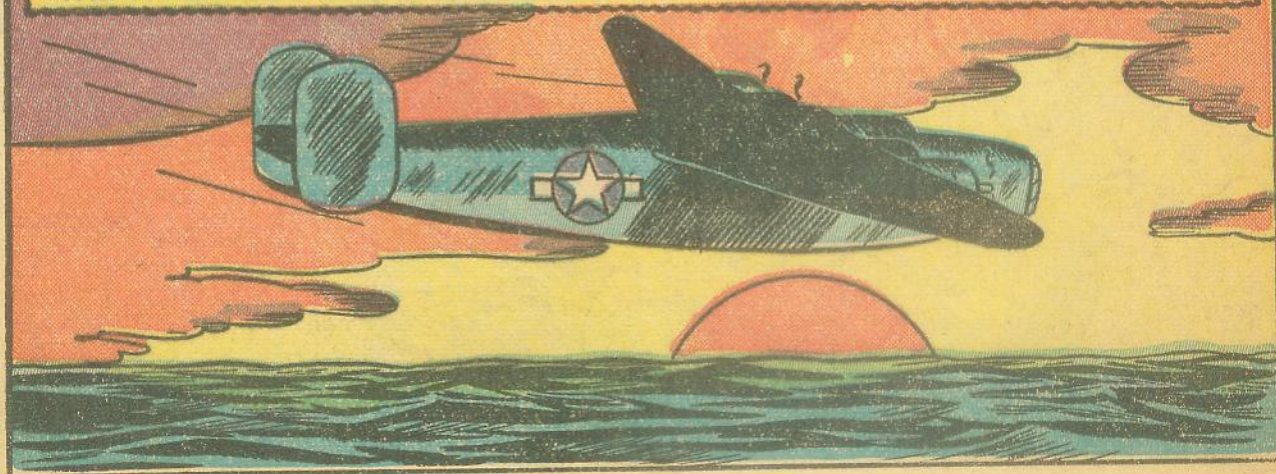
WE'LL CHALLENGE
HER JUST THE
SAME~!







JOHNSON AND HIS MEN WERE GONE, AS OTHERS HAD GONE BEFORE THEM, BUT THEIR PLACES WERE FILLED BY EQUALLY DETERMINED SKY SCOUTS — AND THE RELENTLESS NOOSE STAYED TAUT, AND SLOWLY, STEADILY CHOKED THE RAVENOUS THROAT OF HITLER'S INDUSTRIAL EMPIRE — — —



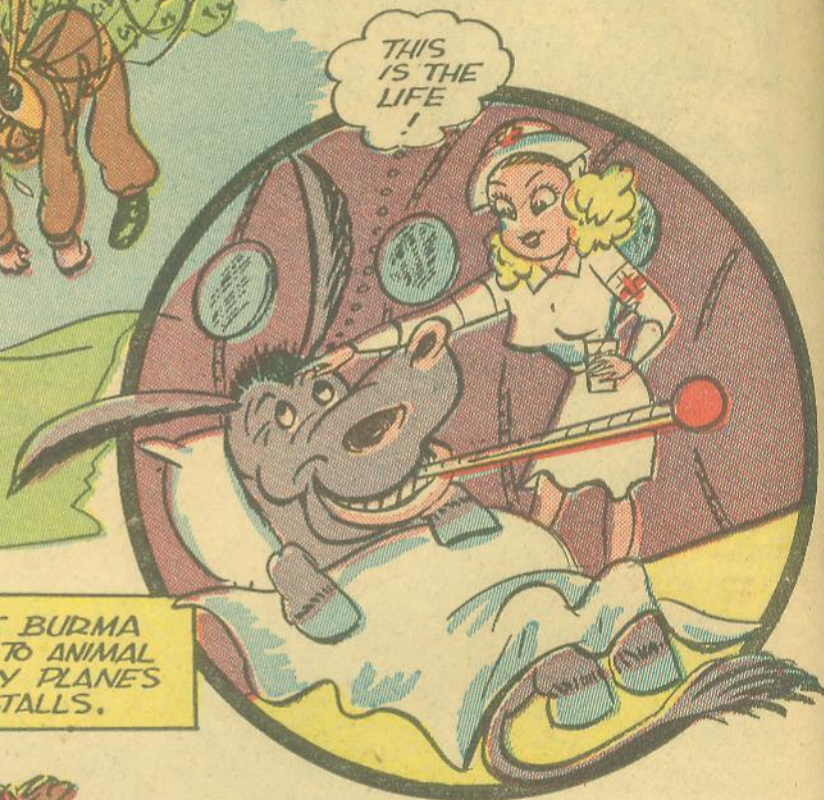
THE Wild BLUE YONDER

OKAY, DEAR--
I'LL GET UP
RIGHT AWAY
!!



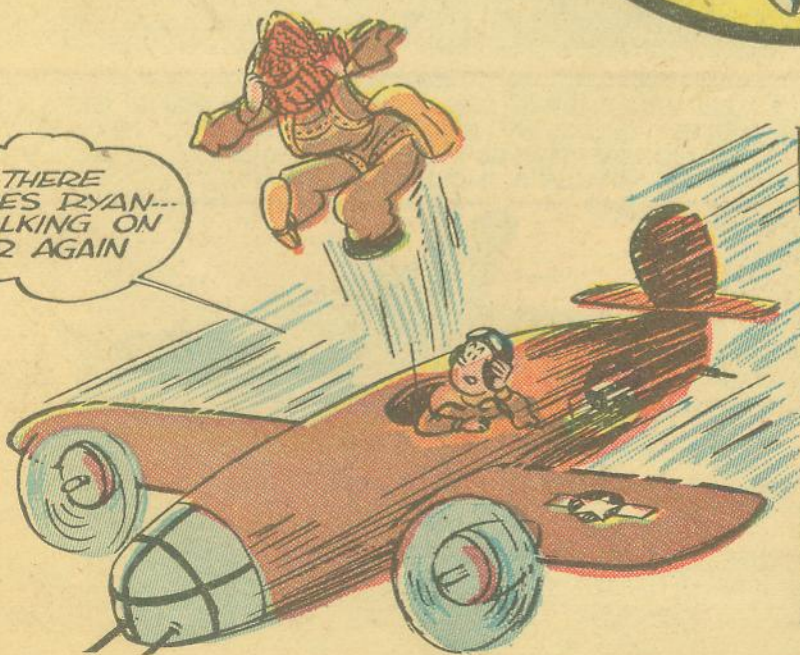
A MUSTANG FIGHTER PILOT, KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS WHEN HE TRIED TO BAIL OUT OF HIS FLAK - WRECKED PLANE AT 6000 FEET, WOKE UP A HALF HOUR LATER HANGING FROM A LIMB OF A TREE THAT GROWS IN EUROPE. HE STILL DOESN'T KNOW HOW HE GOT THERE!

THIS
IS THE
LIFE
!



SICK MULES ON THE BURMA FRONT WERE FLOWN TO ANIMAL HOSPITALS IN INDIA BY PLANE'S FITTED WITH SPECIAL STALLS.

THERE
GOES RYAN--
WALKING ON
AIR AGAIN



LT. JOHN P. RYAN WENT BACK INTO THE BOMB BAY TO PUT ON A SWEATER, WHEN HIS PLANE SUDDENLY HIT AN AIR POCKET AND DROPPED FROM UNDER HIM. HE WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE TOP--WHICH WAS OPEN FOR A GUN MOUNT--AND FLOATED THERE FOR AWHILE BEFORE FALLING BACK INTO THE BOMBER.

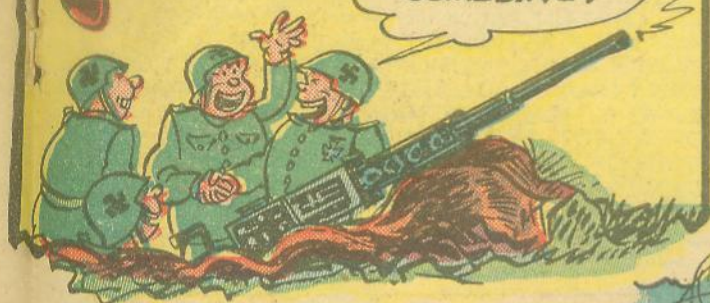
CES

VE HIT HIM!
VE ARE GOOT,
YAH?

YAH!

MEBBE VE GET DER
IRON CROSS,
NEIN?

VE SHOULDT
GET
SOMEDING!



THE BOMBARDIER WAS ONLY A PASSENGER ON ONE B-17'S FLIGHT OVER GERMANY BECAUSE NAZI ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS HIT THE BOMB RELEASE CONTROL WITH A BIG HUNK OF FLAK — AND THEREBY DROPPED THE BOMBS ON THEMSELVES!

I SAY, PERCY...
THIS WONT DO
AT ALL!

A GREEN BOMBARDIER, EXCITED IN HIS FIRST ACTION, OPENED THE WRONG DOORS, AND INSTEAD OF BOMBS, PLASTERED A JAP SHIP WITH COTS, MOSQUITO NETS, AND PINEAPPLE JUICE!



A CANADIAN FLYING BOAT, SHOT FULL OF HOLES IN A BATTLE WITH A NAZI SUB, WAS SAVED FROM SINKING WHEN IT LANDED, BECAUSE THE CREW CHEWED A LOT OF GUM—BUT FAST!—AND PLUGGED THE HOLES WITH IT!

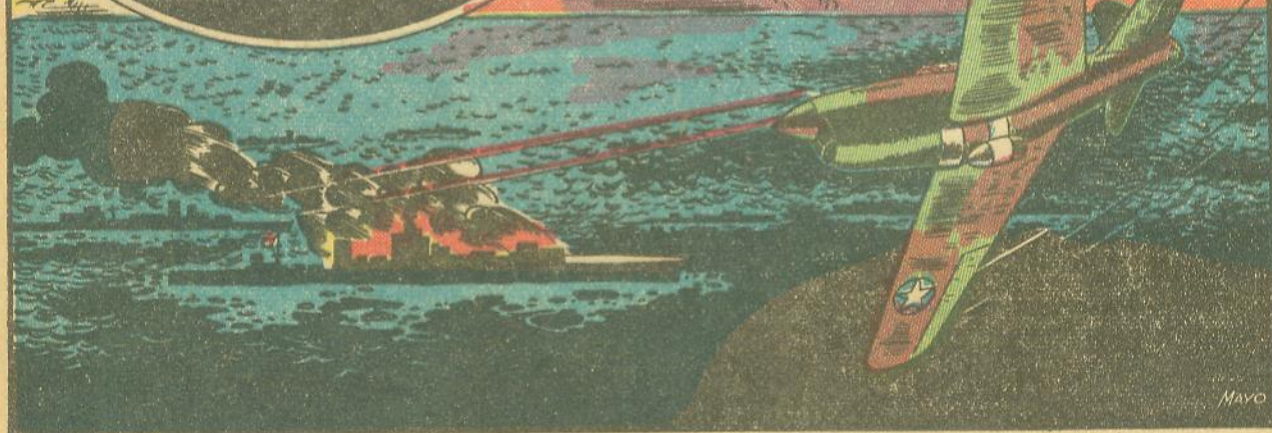


HOOD
COVIAN —

DEATH MARCH

WHEN THE LAST FLYING FIELD ON BATAAN FELL TO THE JAPS, THE FIELD'S COMMANDER, CAPTAIN WILLIAM EDWARD DYESS REMAINED BEHIND WITH SOME OF HIS PILOTS AND CONTINUED THE FIGHT WITH THE INFANTRY. CAPTURED, HE SUFFERED THE HORRIBLE MARCH OF DEATH, THE BESTIALITIES OF JAP PRISON CAMPS AND SHIPS, UNTIL HE FINALLY ESCAPED. THIS IS HIS STORY----

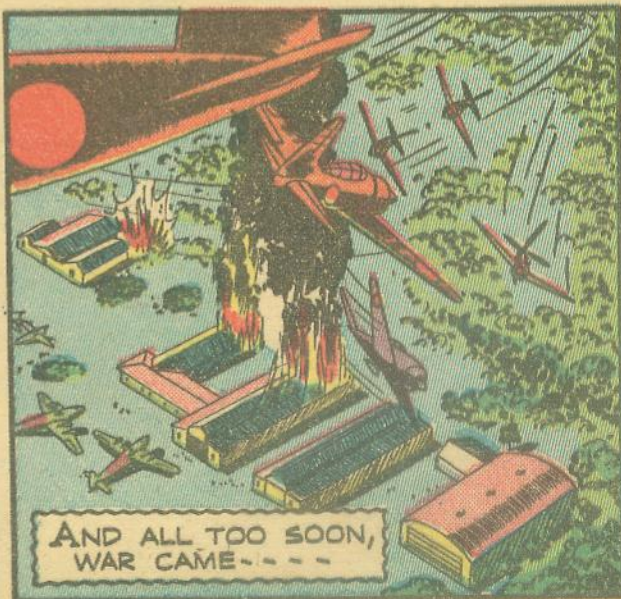
CAPTAIN WILLIAM EDWARD DYESS



NICHOLS FIELD, IN THE PHILIPPINES —
DECEMBER, 1941....

WAR WITH JAPAN MAY BE ONLY A
MATTER OF HOURS...

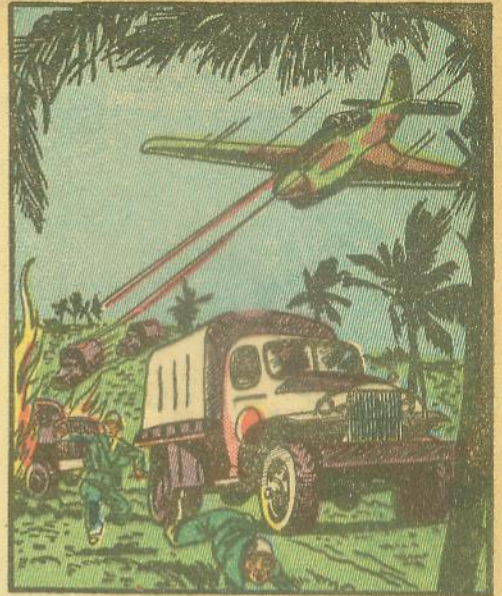
OPERATIONS
OFFICE



AND ALL TOO SOON,
WAR CAME----



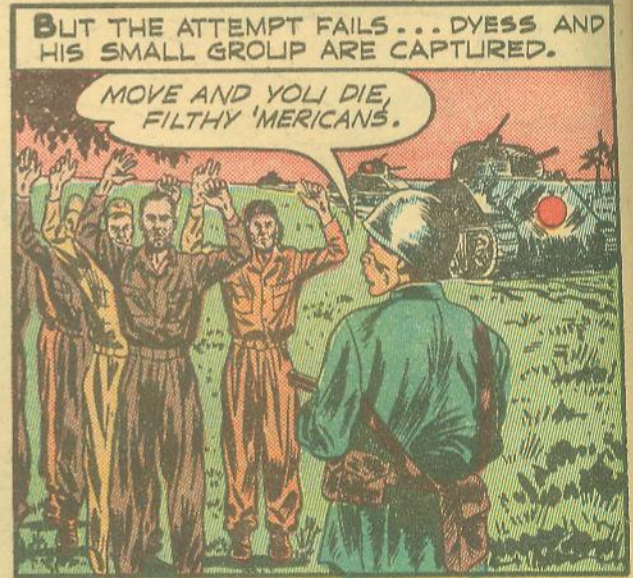
PRACTICALLY LIVING IN HIS BATTERED P-40, DYESS FOUGHT THE NIPS IN THE SKY, BOMBED TRUCK AND SHIP CONVOYS, STRAFED EVERY PIECE OF JAP EQUIPMENT HIS KEEN EYES SPOTTED..



AFTER DROPPING A 500-POUND BOMB FROM A SPECIAL RACK ON HIS P-40, DYESS ATTACKED THE SUBIC BAY DOCK AREA, GUNS BLAZING...

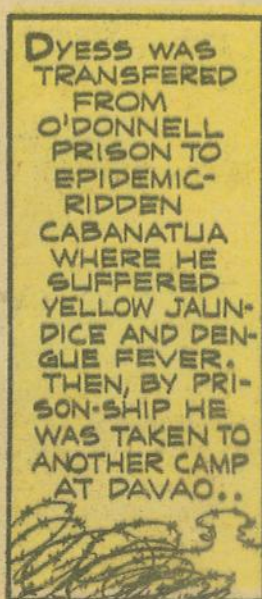
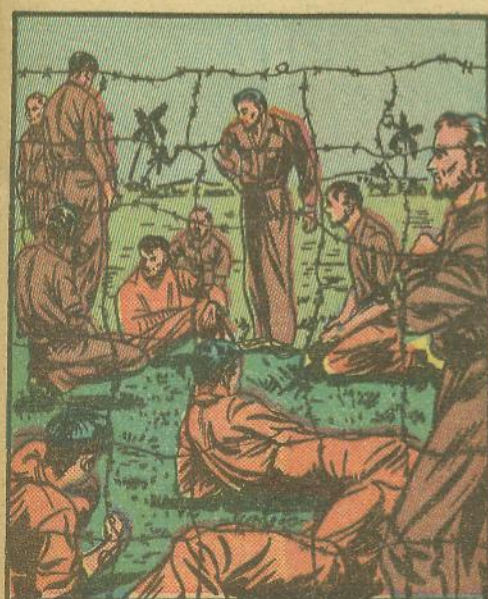
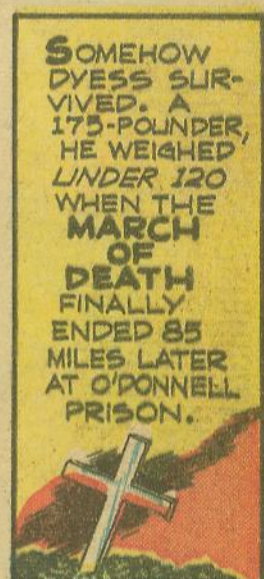
BY NOW THE FEW AMERICAN PLANES LEFT WERE FLYING FROM BATAAN FIELD. FOR HOURS ON END DYESS FLEW RECONNAISSANCE, BOMBED, STRAFED AND DROPPED SUPPLIES TO GUERRILLAS FIGHTING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF LUZON..

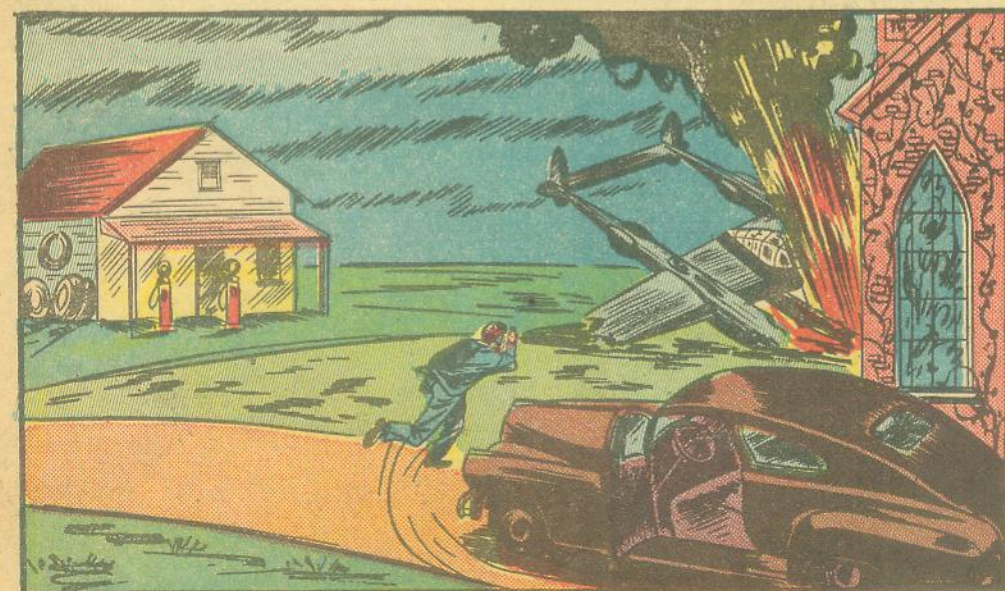




DYESS AND THOSE CAPTURED WITH HIM WERE HERDED INTO THE LONG LINES OF PRISONERS DESTINED FOR A JAP PRISON CAMP. THIS BEGAN THE 85 MILE MARCH OF DEATH, ONE OF THE GREATEST BARBARISMS EVER PERPETRATED.





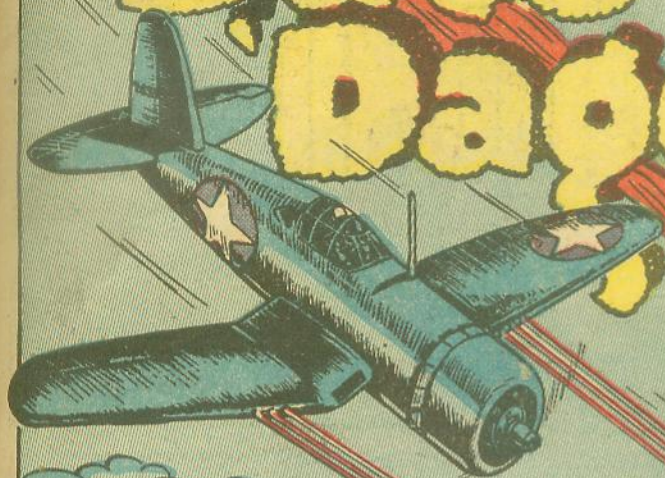


A LT. COLONEL AND BACK ON DUTY, DYESS CRASHED TO HIS DEATH AT BURBANK, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER 22, 1943. HE MIGHT HAVE LANDED SAFELY IN AN OPEN LOT IN FRONT OF ST. FINBAR'S CHURCH BUT HE VEEERED HIS PLANE TO SAVE A PASSING MOTORIST. THUS IN DEATH HE WAS A HERO AS IN LIFE...

Date in Pago

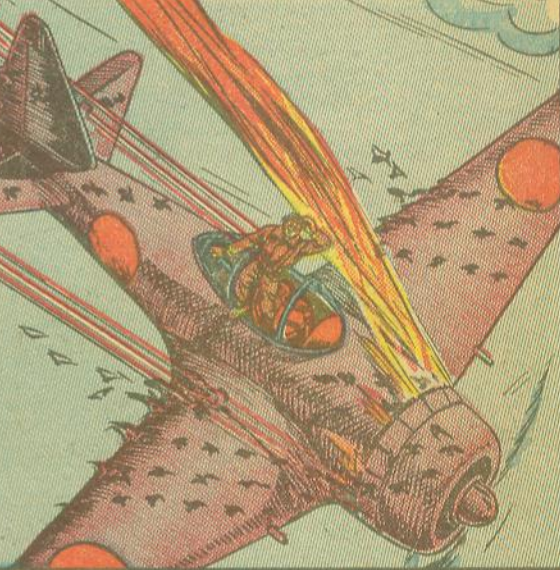


Major.. GREGORY BOYINGTON
U.S. MARINE CORPS



THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST ACES: FIGHTER PILOT GREGORY BOYINGTON OF THE U.S. MARINES, NOW LISTED AS MISSING IN ACTION. NICKNAMED "PAPPY" BECAUSE AT 30 HE WAS AN OLDSTER AS COMBAT FLIERS GO, THE HUSKY, STOOP-SHOULDERED, BELOVED BOYINGTON WAS OUT TO GET HIS 27TH JAP WHEN HE FAILED TO RETURN. MEMBERS OF HIS FAMED BLACK SHEEP SQUADRON CLAIM HE'LL MEET THEM IN "DAGO" (SAN DIEGO) SOMEDAY JUST AS HE PROMISED. . . !

CHAS. M. GURULAN



WHAT! YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT HE'S CLYDE PANGBORN?
--G-GEE!

YEP, AND HE'S GOING TO TAKE ME UP WITH HIM!

C'MON GREG. ALL SET TO GO!



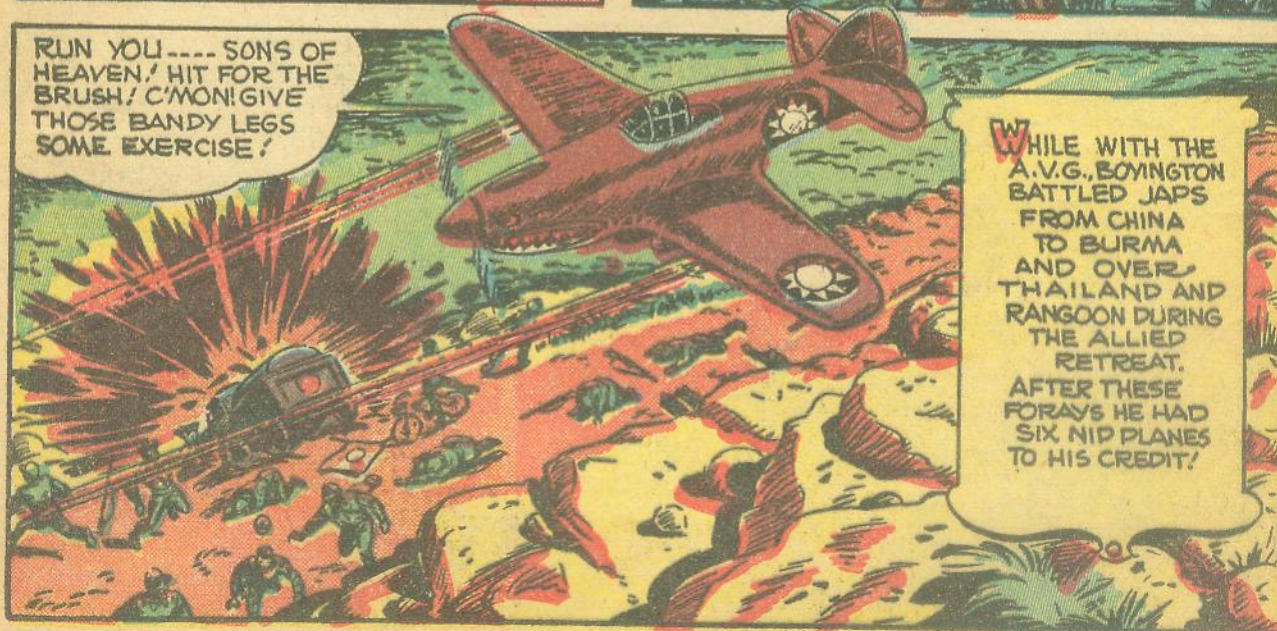
THUS YOUNG GREG GOT HIS FIRST TASTE OF FLYING ~~~ LATER HE ATTENDED THE UNIV. OF WASHINGTON. THEN FOLLOWED A JOB AS ENGINEER AT BOEING. **..BUT..**

I'M GETTING MIGHTY SICK OF DRAWING AIRPLANES, I WANT TO FLY 'EM... I'LL JOIN THE MARINES! WHO KNOWS, MAYBE...





AT LAST
HIS AMBITION
WAS REALIZED
HE HAD
BECOME A
MEMBER OF
A MARINE
STUNT FLYING
GROUP!
LATER
HE SERVED IN
CUBA AND ON
THE CARRIER
YORKTOWN,
BUT WHAT HE
REALLY CRAVED
WAS ACTION!



IN APRIL 1942, SOON AFTER PEARL HARBOR HE RESIGNED FROM THE FLYING TIGERS ...AND RETURNED TO THE UNITED STATES!

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES I FIGURED I'DE RATHER BE A MARINE AGAIN!

GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK MAJOR WE'LL NEED YOUR KIND!



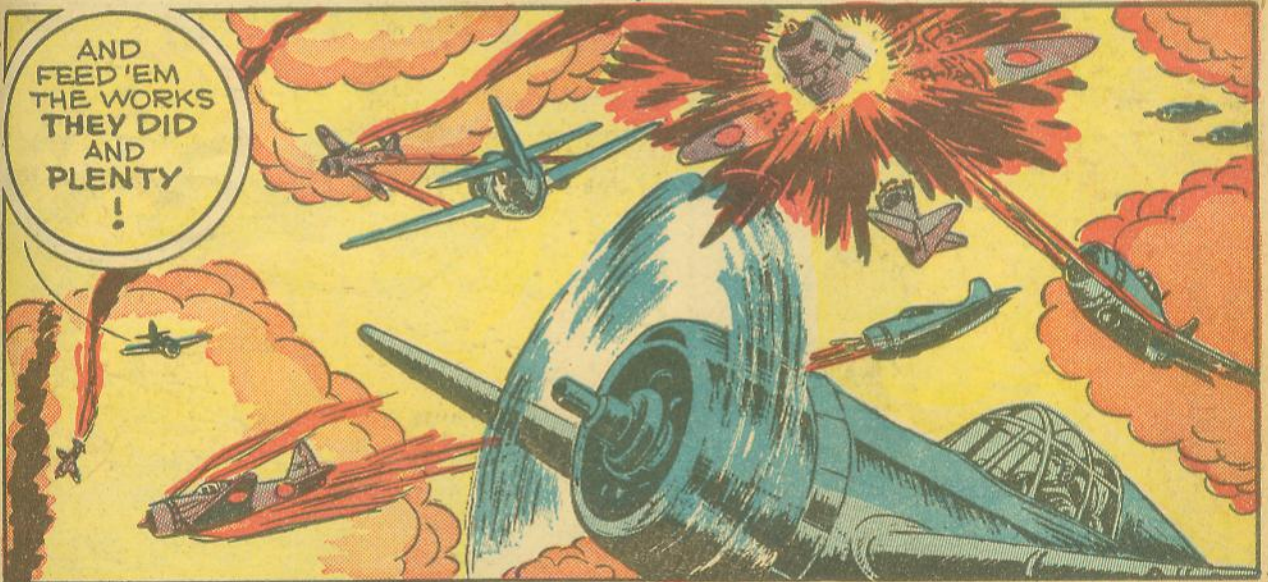
ASSIGNED TO THE PACIFIC THEATRE MAJOR BOYINGTON WAS PUT IN COMMAND OF A HASTILY ASSEMBLED ASSORTMENT OF CASUAL AND REPLACEMENT PILOTS THIS FROM THIS AGGREGATION WAS BORN THE CELEBRATED BLACK SHEEP SQUADRON!



REMEMBER THIS, FELLAS, A JAP PILOT BY HIMSELF ISN'T ANY GOOD!.. SO ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS CHASE HIM OUT OF FORMATION AND FEED HIM THE WORKS!



AND FEED 'EM THE WORKS THEY DID AND PLENTY!



HOLY HATS! DYE SEE WHAT "PAPPY" IS SIGNALIN' HE GOT FIVE AT A CLIP! WOW!



IN A SINGLE MONTH'S ACTION BOYINGTON'S BLACK SHEEP KNOCKED OUT 58 JAP PLANES, 55 OF THEM ZEROS DESTROYED OVER ENEMY TERRITORY! "PAPPY" ALONE BAGGED 5 ON HIS FIRST MISSION!



WHAT A MAN BOYINGTON! FIVE IN ONE DAY! WHEW!





PREASE, MAJOR
BOYINGTON WHAT
IS YOUR POSITION?
COME IN PREASE!

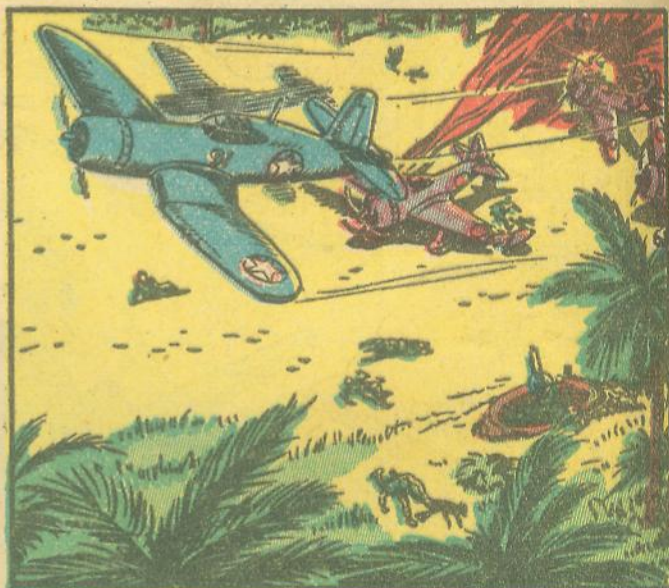
HE BECAME SO WELL KNOWN IN THE SOLOMONS
THAT THE JAPS IN THE RADIO TOWER AT THE
KAHILI AIRDROME USED TO CONTACT HIM!



RIGHT STRAIGHT UP
OVER YOUR STINKIN'
FIELD, COME ON UP
AND FIGHT!



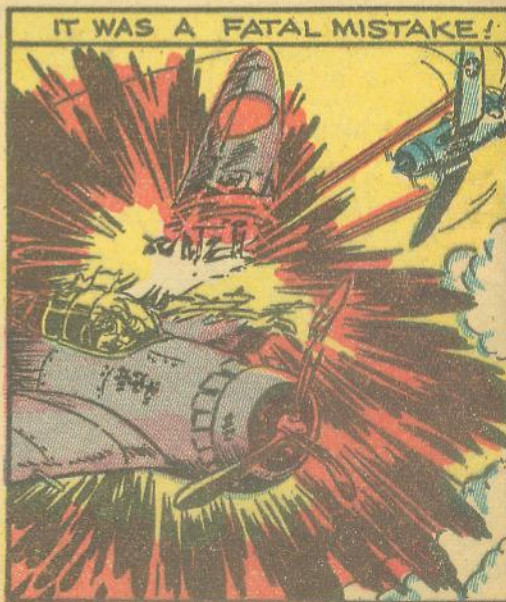
I DIDN'T THINK
YOU'D COME UP
SO I JUST HAD
TO COME DOWN!



ON THE
CONFUSION
FOLLOWING A
PARTICULARLY
HOT DOGFIGHT,
ONE JAP PILOT
MISTOOK BOYING-
TON'S PLANE
FOR THAT OF
ONE OF HIS
COMRADES
AND FLEW INTO
FORMATION
BESIDE HIM!



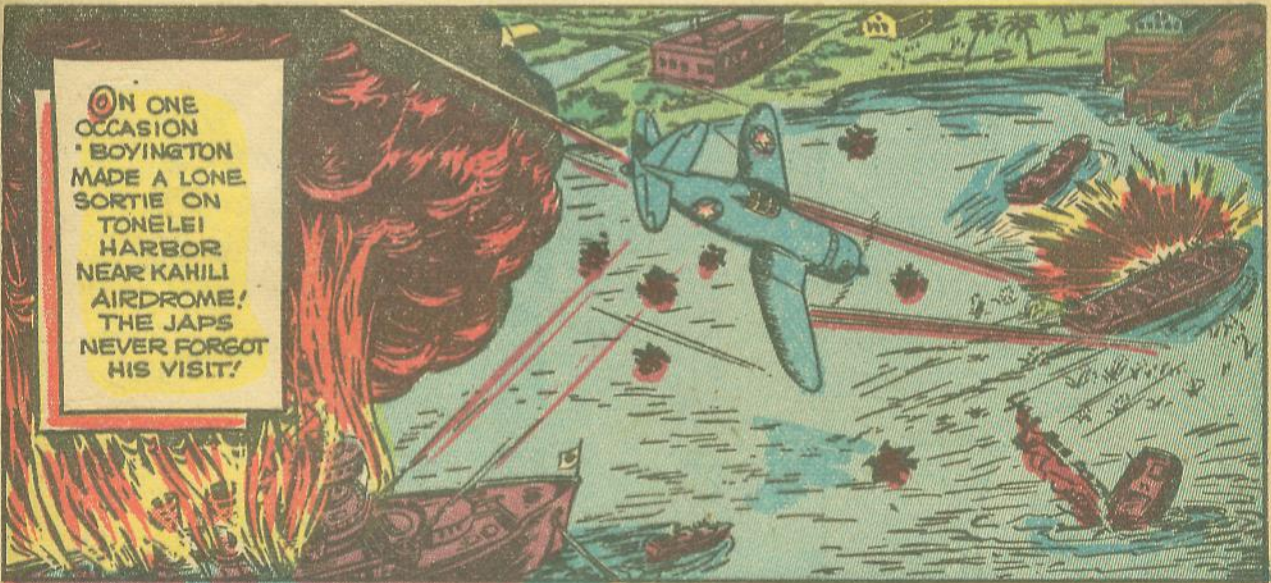
HEY, JAPPIE
WHAT'S THE
MATTER DID
YOU FORGET
YOUR GLASSES?



IT WAS A FATAL MISTAKE!



TO AN OLD HAND LIKE "PAPPY" THIS WAS AN EASILY RECOGNIZED JAP TRICK! THE LOW FLYING ZERO WAS ONLY BAIT ... FOR ANOTHER HIGH OVERHEAD!



ON JAN. 30, 1944 MAJOR BOYINGTON SHOT DOWN HIS 26TH JAP OVER RABAU, TYING THE THEN EXISTING AMERICAN RECORD! HE WAS AWARDED THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR! HIS COMRADES OF THE BLACK SHEEP SQUADRON STILL CLAIM HE'LL KEEP THAT -- DATE IN "DAGO!"



GEORGE DOES IT

1. OPERATING FROM A BASE DEEP IN ENGLAND A B-17 BOMBER RAN INTO TROUBLE NOT FAR FROM HOME-----



3. **A**N ALERT WAS SOUNDED AND FIGHTERS WERE SENT UP TO INTERCEPT AND DESTROY THE CREWLESS BOMBER WITH IT'S FULL LOAD OF BOMBS.

BLIMEY!
THAT'S NO
HEINIE PLANE--
THAT'S ONE OF
OURS!

PILOT—"PILOT TO CREW--PREPARE TO ABANDON SHIP---SPARKS, SEND OUT ANSOS"
CO-PILOT—"I'M SETTING GEORGE* TO HEAD OUT OVER THE NORTH SEA."

* AUTOMATIC ROBOT CONTROL.

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I WAS EVER ORDERED TO SHOOT DOWN ONE OF OUR OWN PLANES.... BUT I CAN'T DO IT NOW-- THE WRECKAGE MIGHT KILL HUNDREDS DOWN BELOW!



5. HOWEVER, AFTER PLAYING AERIAL TAG FOR 600 MILES WITHOUT A CREW, "GEORGE" BY SOME MECHANICAL FREAK, FINALLY HEADED THE FORTRESS OUT TO SEA AND A WATERY GRAVE WHEN THE FUEL RAN OUT.

TARGET TOKYO!



by
FLIGHT OFFICER JAMES W. KRANK
 U. S. Army Air Forces

APPROACHING the industrial center of Tokyo or stalking a Japanese destroyer in the China Sea, the big B-29 is a center of feverish activity, but the bombardier, crouching over his bombsight in the "greenhouse," calmly and confidently makes his calculations.

Every member of the sky giant's crew has cooperated—perhaps struggled and achieved miracles—to get him there, but this moment belongs to him. Here, in a few swift seconds, he instinctively puts all his months of training to use, and as his bombs whine down and another Jap factory crumbles into dust or another Nip ship slowly settles to the bottom of the sea, this bombardier's thoughts go back to the day those shiny silver wings were pinned on his chest in the graduation exercises at the Big Spring Bombardier School.

The same feeling of confidence, hope and determination surged through him then. Twenty-four weeks in this, one of the largest

bombardier schools in the AAF Training Command, and a bombardier had a right to be proud of himself. It had not been easy and he had sweat out every day of those twenty-four weeks.

But it was worth it, he thought, and grinned as he recalled his initiation at this advanced training center. It was a G. I. haircut, and after he'd submitted to the operation, there wasn't a single lock longer than one-half inch.

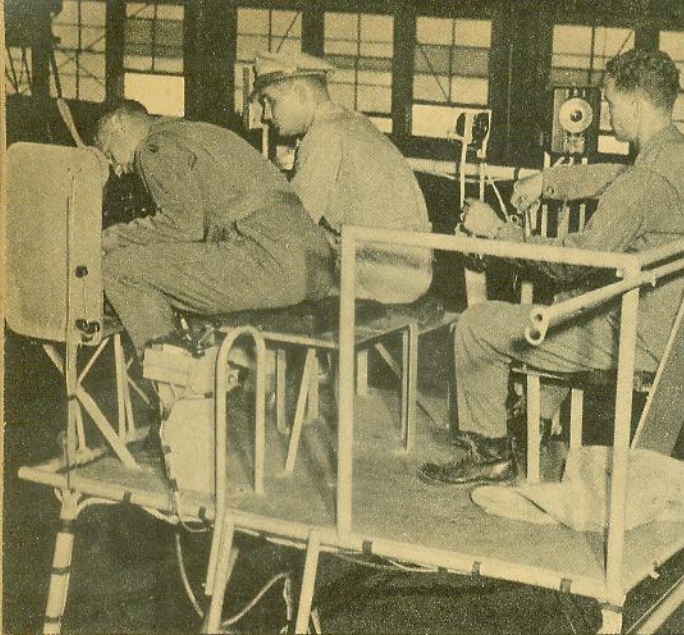
Ground school classes in the maintenance and operation of the bombsight, theory of bombing, bombing analysis and the operation of the Automatic Pilot had made his days long and his nights short, and his brain had whirled as it tried to assimilate all the strange, new, specialized knowledge.

Although he had yearned to fly from the start, his altitude achievement during the first three weeks had been confined to the ten-foot platform of the movable trainers in the bombing trainer hangars.

Over the Tama River just west of Tokyo, a B-29 Superfort roars with a belly full of destruction for the capital of Nippon.

A bombardier cadet takes his place in the plexi-glass "office" of an AT-11 for a night flight from Big Springs Army Air Field.





Perched on a ten-foot trainer with his instructor, this cadet learns the art of precision bombing, using a Norden sight to "bomb" the "bug" on the floor in front of the trainer. Another cadet acts as pilot on the trainer.



After a series of "runs" on the trainer, a cadet and instructor inspect the "hits" on the paper target atop the "bug." In this simulated bombing, the cadets learn to operate the bombsight before ever taking the air.

Here, in "bug bombing," he had made his first actual contact with the Norden bombsight. Between the movement of the trainer and the electrically-driven "bug" on the floor, he had been confronted with most of the problems that beset a bombardier in the air. Before he had finished the course he had spent forty hours at this form of simulated bombing.

His big moment had arrived when he took to the air in an AT-11 bombing training plane. His feeling, as the twin-engined trainer lifted from the run-way and climbed into the blue, had been one of safety and security engendered by the excellent record of instruction in the AAF Training Command.

In this school, which had graduated several thousand bombardiers

in two years of operation, there had not been a single cadet fatality. During this period more than thirty-six million miles of flying had been accomplished—the equivalent of circling the earth 1500 times.

Watching his instructor nonchalantly but deftly operating the sight, he had thought that a two-minute bombing run—even at the outset of his training—was a long time. On subsequent missions, when he himself had taken over at the bombsight, he had found that he made more mistakes than he ever dreamed possible.

Usually there were two students and an instructor assigned on each mission, and while one student in the nose of the ship operated the sight and bombed the practice targets, the other was aft taking pic-

tures of the bomb impacts. These pictures provided an accurate check on the student's progress.

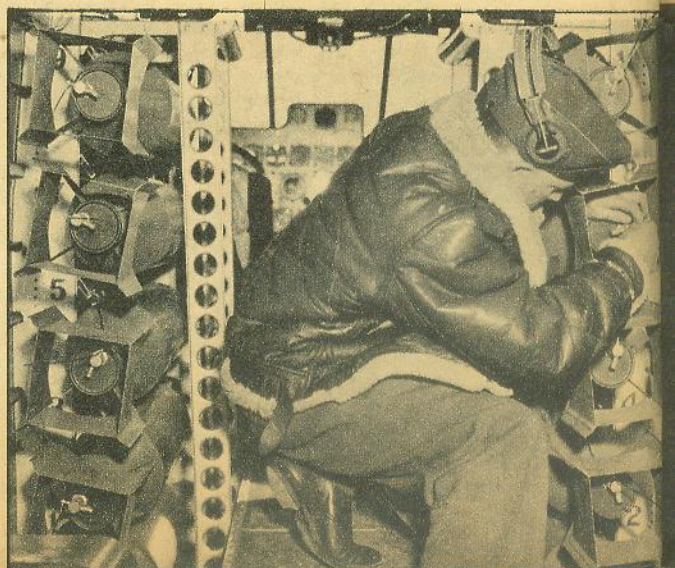
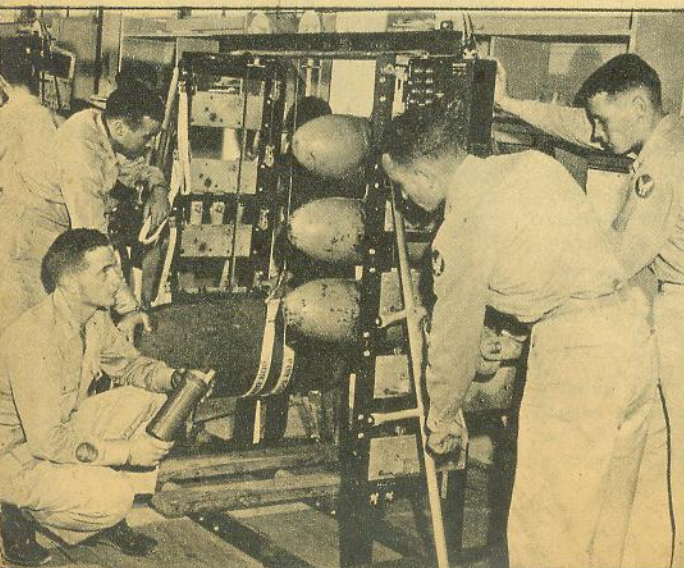
Gradually, the patient teaching of his sometimes irritated instructors, many of whom had combat experience, began to show results, and more and more often his bombs had fallen closer to the calcimined square in the center of the 100-foot circular target. This "bullseye" was called a "shack"—a perfect hit—and several times, from 6,500, 8,500 or 13,000 feet, he had scored a "shack."

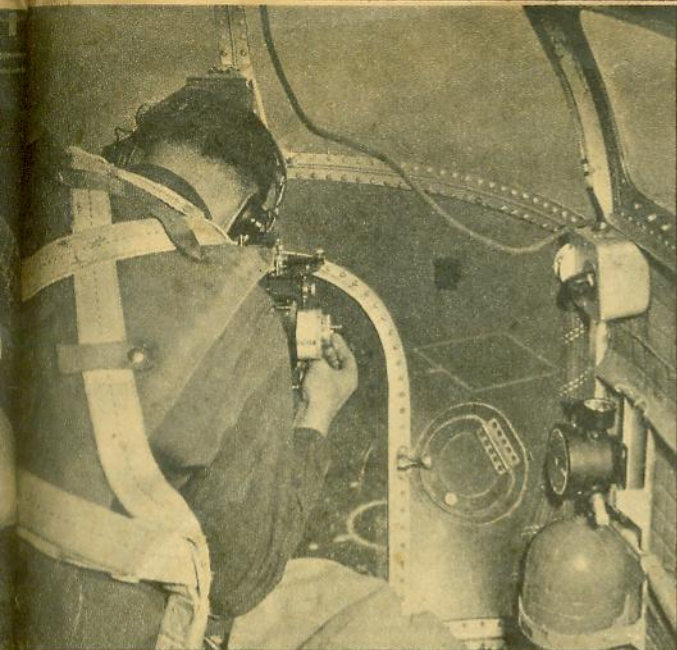
He remembered the wonderful feeling he'd had—something like he felt just now, except then it was a sport and now it was a deadly serious business.

He began to fly missions without an instructor at his side, and near the end of his third week of morning

A group of cadets receive instruction in the operation of the bomb rack mechanism. Fledgling bombardiers must not only be able to use the Norden and other sights, but must have a working knowledge of all related equipment.

Training bombs have been placed in their rack in an AT-11 and this cadet bombardier is making a final check before taking his place in the "greenhouse." He will pull cotter keys which will later permit the "eggs" to explode.





And now it's "Bombs Away" as this Big Spring Bombar-dier School cadet, crouched over his sight in the "green-house" of the AT-11 bombing training plane, aims his bombs at circular target visible on the Texas earth below.



High above the practice range on the West Texas prairie, the plane salvos its bombs as the young cadet bombardier throws his switches. This is only make-believe, but every day it gets closer to the real and deadly thing.

bombing he imagined himself a "hot bombardier," so they graduated him to a four-week period of night flying. They started him on combat runs—about forty seconds' duration—and introduced him to the use of evasive action. That had come in pretty handy, especially today, when his pilot seemed to be dodging the plane around every burst of flak, and this "hot" bombardier quickly cooled off!

Then came the final stretch—afternoon bombing. Using the tactics previously learned, he had found himself coping with the tricky air currents encountered under a hot Texas sun and sometimes, playing hide-and-seek with a target disappearing under the protective cover of afternoon clouds, he had decided clouds were formed just to plague a bombardier's life.

Throughout his days of flying, ground school teaching in subjects closely allied with his profession had continued, and one of these subjects, "Weather," covered in forty-two hours the equivalent of four semesters' instruction in college! Yes, his brain still whirled.

During his final weeks of training, he had studied pilotage, dead reckoning and air plot navigation, for a bombardier must not only know how to bomb a target, but he must also be able to plot a course to the objective. On navigation missions within a radius of 300 miles of the home field, one cadet had directed the pilot to a town, wooded area or some other reference point, and then the cadet at the bombsight directed the bombing run to the target—a bridge, factory or railroad some ten or fifteen miles away.

Of course, there were no bombs in the racks on these missions, for these practice targets were real American installations near towns and cities in West Texas.

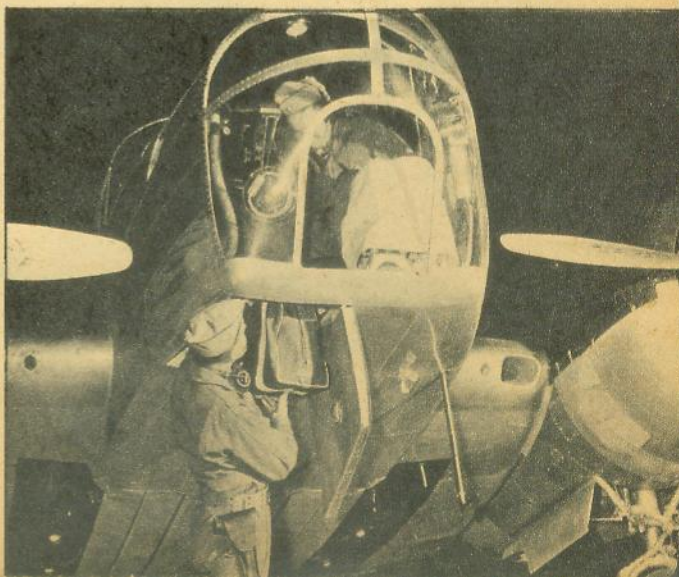
It had been a long grind, and there was more to come. The rough edges had been honed off by combat training in a replacement training unit, and when he departed for an overseas station, he knew he had a proud heritage to uphold.

Graduates of his school, as in the case of many others, had won hundreds of Distinguished Flying Crosses, Air Medals, Purple Hearts, Silver Stars and Presidential Citations. Proudly they wore campaign ribbons from every theatre of combat.

Perhaps he, too, would receive one for this day's work . . .

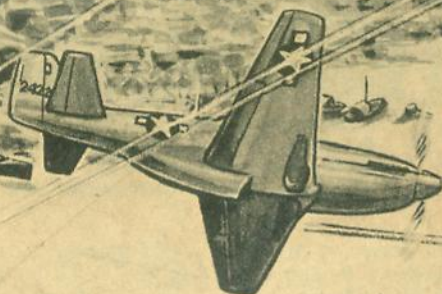
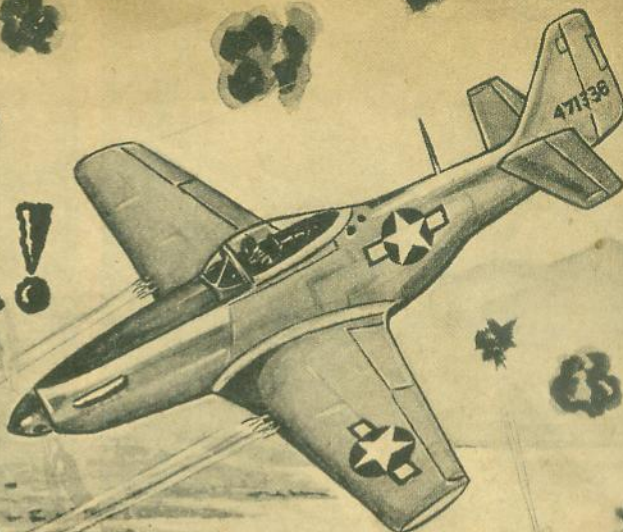
Equipped for a high-altitude night mission, a cadet walks to his plane. A little later he will alternately take his turn at the bombsight and shoot pictures of his partner—cadet's bomb hits with the camera which he carries.

Packing a .45 automatic, one cadet passes up a then secret bombsight to a fellow-student ready to take off in an AT-11. Until recently, the Norden bombsight was always shielded from view and closely guarded until airborne.



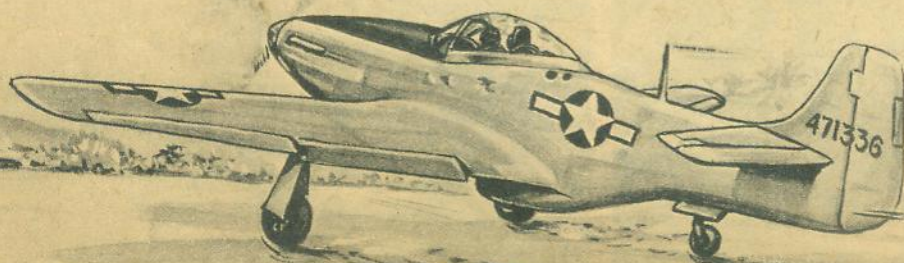
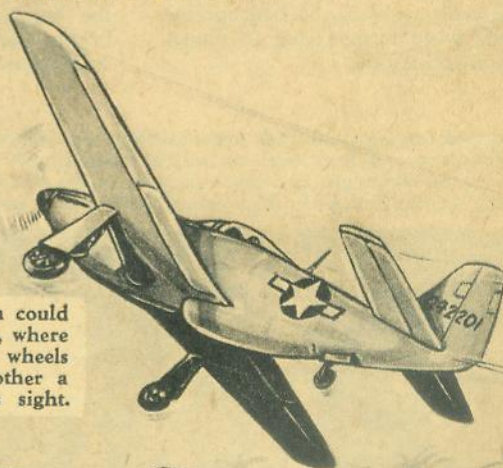
Blindman's BUFFER!

ON Christmas day, 1944, two 14th Air Force pilots brought presents in the form of .50 calibre bullets to the Japs on the Yangtze River in China.



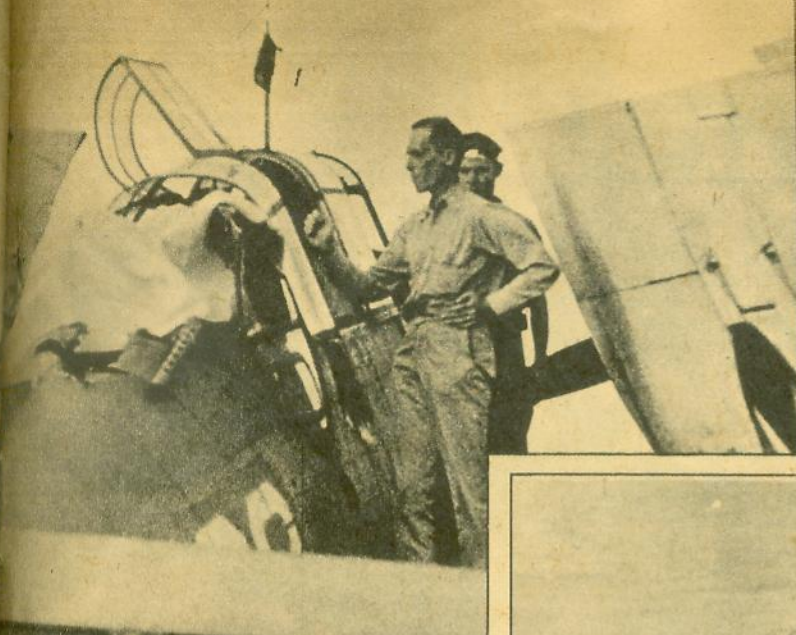
NOT at all appreciative, the Nips threw up a heavy counterfire, and shell fragments cut the eyes of one Mustang pilot, Capt. John Meyer of Birmingham, partially blinding him. Unable to see clearly, Meyer seemed doomed, because he could never find his way back to base—and if he did, he would never be able to land. Then Meyer's partner, Lieutenant John Egan, of Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, took a hand . . .

EGAN flew close to Meyer's plane so that the nearly blind man could just see Egan's wingtip. That wingtip guided Meyer back to base, where Egan brought him down by radio instruction. Egan touched wheels to earth with Meyer, then promptly zoomed up to give the other a clear landing field. Meyer landed safely, later regained his sight.

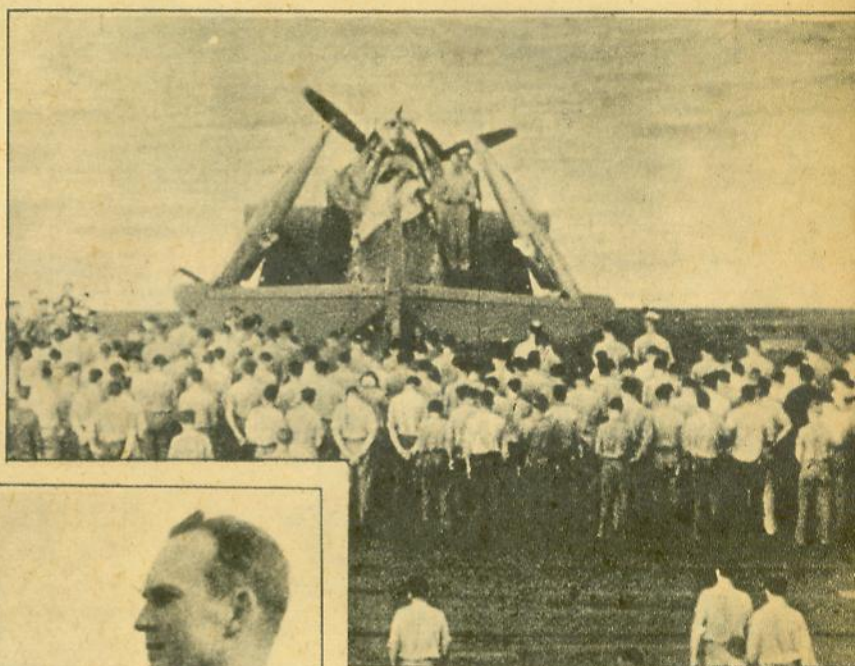


TAPS

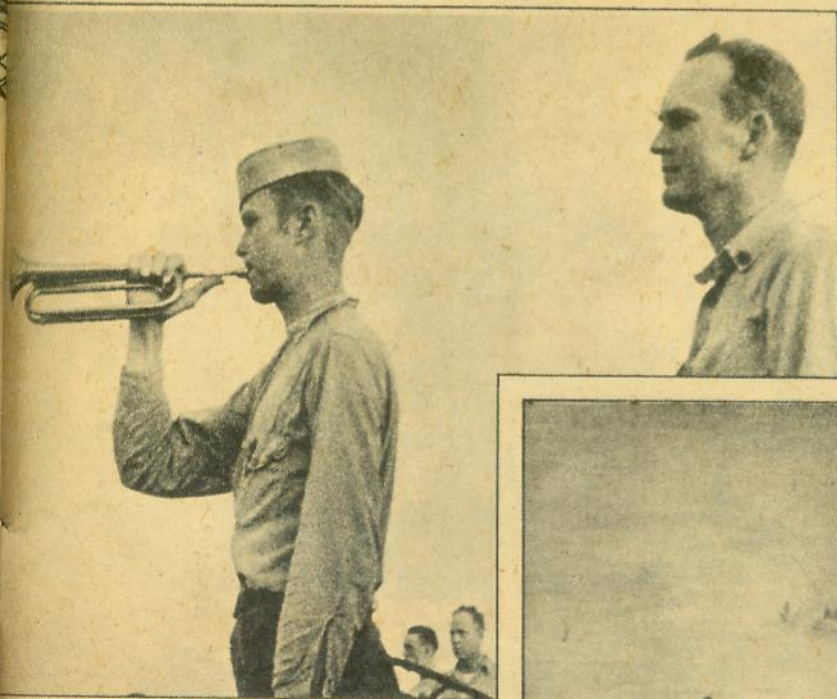
WHILE the guns of this torpedo plane were blazing away at the Japs in a recent Pacific action, an anti-aircraft shell from an enemy battery exploded in the turret, killing the rear-seat gunner. The pilot somehow managed to bring the badly damaged ship back to the carrier, where the Captain of the flat-top made a quick decision, namely, to commit the wrecked *Avenger* and the dead airman to the deep ocean tomb together . . .



The carrier's Chaplain mounted the wing-root of the plane and there gave the last rites to the airman whose body rests at his post where he died . . .

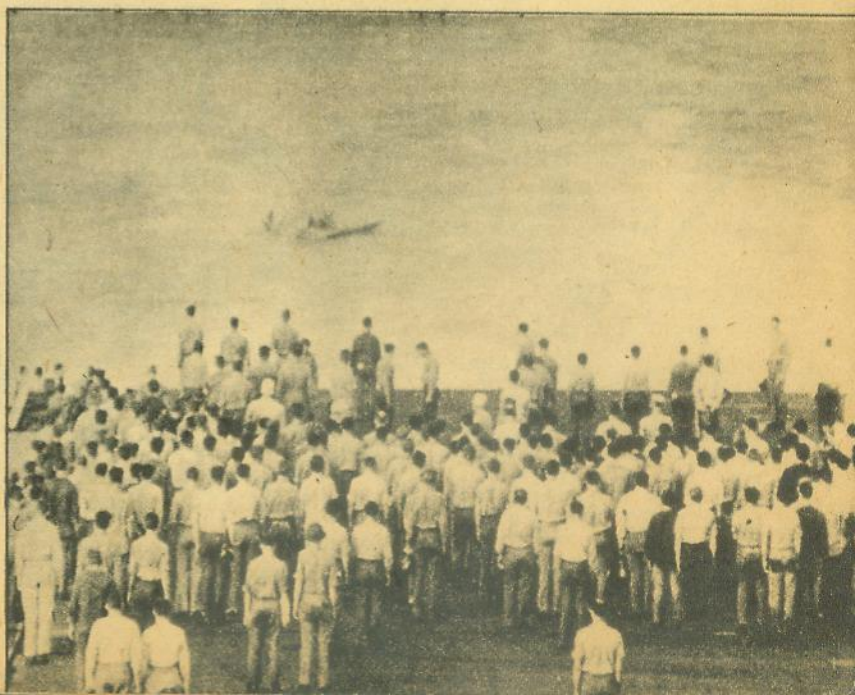


As the Chaplain delivered a brief funeral service (above), members of the flat-top's crew gathered reverently at the stern of the flight deck . . .



Then the bugler blew the traditional funeral dirge of the armed forces, starting the final journey of plane and airman over the edge of the deck . . .

Rigidly at attention, the crewmen remained motionless, eyes following the remains of plane and gunner as the two sank beneath the quiet sea.




GRASSHOPPERS!

THIS is the story of the Grasshopper Squadron, aerial spies extraordinary—a handful of tiny Stinson Sentinel planes, piloted by Marine fliers who take a terrific ribbing from brother aviators who fly the big, "hot" Corsair fighters. But the little ships are doing a big job—on the Japs! . . . Off Peleliu, for instance, the artillery flashes word to the carriers that they need eyes . . .

OFF go the Grasshoppers on the double, little wooden props beating the air nervously, to be the "eyes" of the thundering guns—and the Stinsons are the first to land on the newly captured airstrip, under fire too!

ONCE based on the strip, which is strewn with debris, shell fragments and dead Japs, the Grasshopper squadron really goes to work. Day after day, the little aerial jeeps skim the ridges as spotters for the artillery, and whenever a Nip target is spotted, the Grasshopper radios provide the American guns with firing data. Meanwhile, the Stinsons are like clay pigeons . . .



DURING a shelling, the little planes climb to 1,000 feet, hang around up there until it's time to go down to check up on the damage done. The 11th Marines dumped over 125,000 rounds on the Japs in two weeks, 90 percent of it by Grasshopper direction.

NOT one Stinson went without bullet holes on Peleliu. Three were shot down, one inside the enemy lines. But the wreckage of the latter was spotted by another Grasshopper, which radioed for help . . .

GUIDED by the Grasshopper in the air over the Marine airmen, two tanks blasted through the Jap defenses and rescued them. Within two hours the downed pilot and his observer were getting medical treatment back at base.

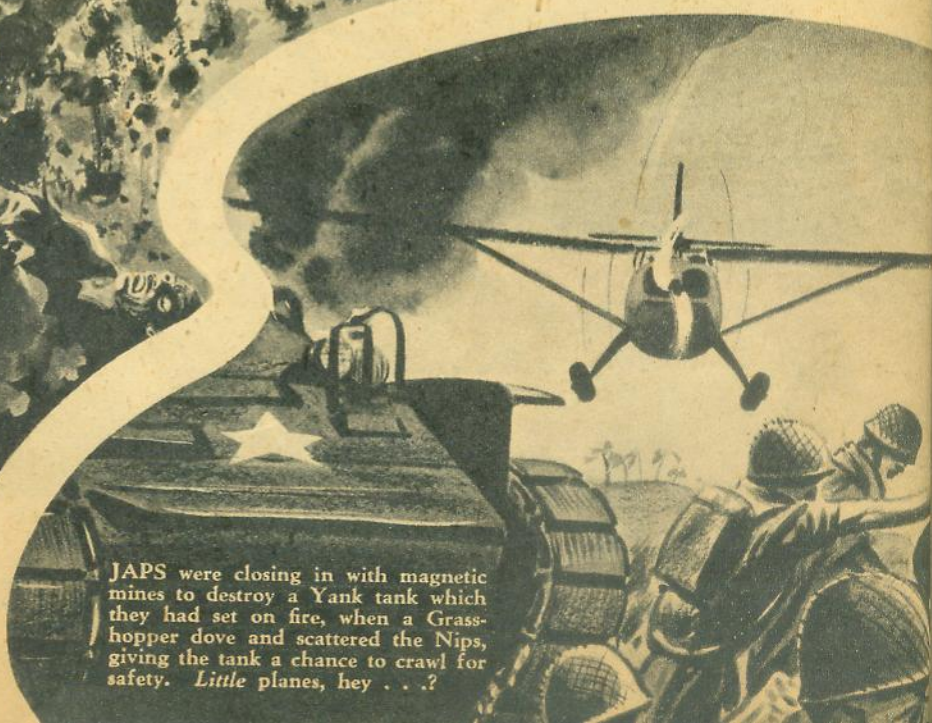


FORCED by Jap machine-gun fire to land on a sandbar offshore an island north of Peleliu, another Grasshopper found itself smack in the middle of an invasion, the Marines being in the process of hitting the island!

SNOOPING around the Peleliu ridges, a third Grasshopper was looking for Jap caves. It found one. The Japs inside shot up the little ship, but before the pilot pointed its nose for home, he radioed the cave's position. Scratch one cave!



JAPS were closing in with magnetic mines to destroy a Yank tank which they had set on fire, when a Grasshopper dove and scattered the Nips, giving the tank a chance to crawl for safety. Little planes, hey . . . ?



BOMB RUN




HOW IT FEELS TO RIDE A BOMBER over enemy country is vividly described in a letter to his brother by Second Lieut. William A. Levinson, 22, navigator of a B-17 Fortress Squadron of the 8th Air Force...

Dear Lee,

Just finished painting the 24th gaudy bomb on my gaudy jacket and I'm kind of tired. Guess it's the flak that does it.

All the way into the target area we're keyed up with the idea of bombing and of staying out of flak while on course. Comes the I. P. (initial point of starting bombing run), and if we're following some other outfit on the target you can already see the flak over it. If we're first, Jerry always sends up a barrage ahead of us (a) to get the range, and (b) to scare us off.

There's always a tense, dreadful moment when we're barreling into it and anticipating the worst. In most cases this moment is the hardest of all, for once you're in the stuff there's no turning back. A high exhilaration runs through you as you see the black puffs float by without doing any damage. You feel like sticking your head out and yelling: "Ya-ya, Jerry, you're a punk shot! Confidentially, you stink!"

Just then there's a dull boom off the wing and black puffs scud along the window; a wild, harsh "ping-g-g-g" tells you Jerry ain't so stinko, after all, because there's a hole in your plane somewhere now.

Suddenly you become aware that you're racing through space at a terrific rate. Up to that time your conception of movement has been limited to the slowly moving earth 25,000 feet below and the relatively stationary and dignified positions of aircraft in your own formation.

Now the flak is scudding past the wings and back toward the tail at an alarming rate, and its very nearness highlights the speed at which you're tearing through it. By this time you are almost to the target and all eyes are on the lead ship.

Nearer, nearer and nearer—still no "Bombs away!" You don't even notice the flak by now, though it's probably heavier and more accurate. The whole crazy kaleidoscope centers on that lead ship's bomb bay. One eye on it, one eye on the compass, one eye on the ground, one on the air speed, one on the altitude, one on your watch, one on the flak—you wish you had a thousand eyes!

There they are! Strung out and down like beads falling from a broken chain, suspended motionless for a moment as if poised for the blow, then plummeting down toward the target. Bombs away!

Virgil (the bombardier) hits his switches and a second later Eric (the pilot) has the plane on its ear, swinging out and down to get away from the now suddenly present again flak. Seconds pass, while the flak booms ominously and slowly thins away in front of you.

You look back gratefully and are startled to see the sky solid black with a wall of black puffs of dirty smoke and you wonder, "Did we actually come through that alive?" But there are others behind you and they are coming through too, so maybe it wasn't all a dream. The feathered props and clearly visible signs of battle damage throughout the formation are grim testimony that it was real. Jerry meant it when he aimed those .88's!

Well, at least we're out of it now and all we have to do is pick our way home through 400 miles of enemy air, staying clear of the other flak that waits below.

All this takes perhaps eight minutes to transpire and yet it is the most thrilling—most frightening—most glorious eight minutes a man can know, I believe. It is also the most fatiguing, although you remain as much at fever pitch on the way out, alert for any slips which might prove as fatal now as earlier.

Jerry would rather get you before you reach the target, but he won't turn you down coming out, either. At times like this the sight of our 8th AAF fighters cavorting above us or ranging far off to the sides to search out the Luftwaffe is the most reassuring in all the world to us. Every one of those guys is a hero—and a damned welcome hero, too.

It's only when you finally land in England and realize it's all over that you begin to know how mentally and physically exhausted you are. The artificial pitch of excitement has worn off and all that remains is the weariness and strain of a hard job well done.

None of these missions is easy until you're back on terra firma, and then they're all "milk-runs." There's an Air Force saying that "The hard ones are ones you don't come back from."

Wanna hit the sack now. More tomorrow, maybe. Love.

BILL.



SAIPAN SUNSETTERS

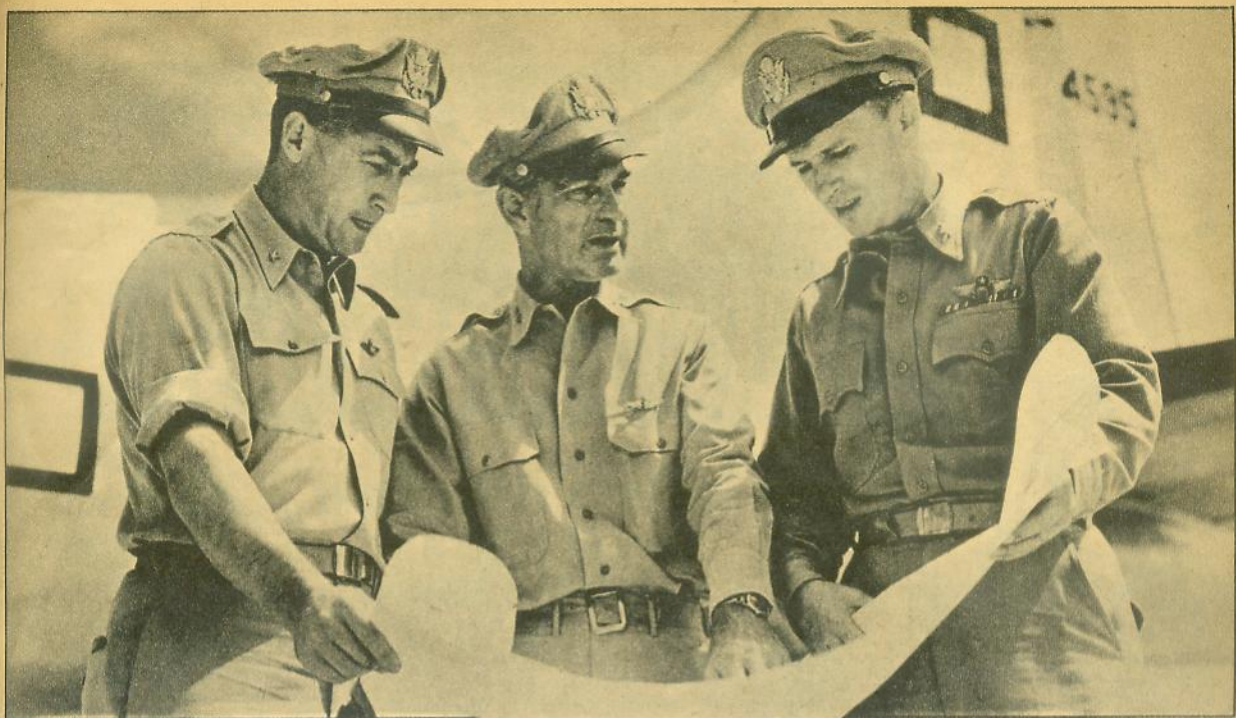
THE SUN IS SETTING in the western Pacific as, great flaps and huge wheels down, this B-29 Superfortress of the 21st Bomber Command comes in for a landing on Saipan after a raid over Tokyo. The giant bombing plane and the sinking sun are symbolical—for with the appearance of the Superfortresses and the taking of Saipan, the blood-red sun of Japan really started down.



THE MARINES hit Saipan, in the Marianas, on June 14, 1944, and in twenty-five days of bitter fighting took the vital island from the Japs, who defended it with fierce desperation. Then aviation engineers went to work, as shown in the picture to the right. Great steam-shovels cut into this coral mountain to rip out half a million yards of white coral for the big bomber base being constructed on the island, and two-and-a-half-ton trucks lugged the crushed material to the airstrips and taxiways where it was pounded flat and solid to support the great weight of the B-29s.



TOKYO knew the Saipan base was ready on November 24th, when scores of Superforts struck the Jap capital at high noon and remained over the frightened city for two hours. It was the first time Tokyo had felt American bombs since the Doolittle raid of April 18, 1942, and it was the first time the enemy's principal city had been hit by land-based bombers. But it was not the last time. The newly created 21st Bomber Command established a fairly regular schedule of raids from Saipan, and with every raid the number and hitting power of the Superforts increased until all Japan shuddered. Behind the bombers was Gen. Henry H. Arnold, Commanding General, U. S. Army Air Forces, shown here on a surprise visit to Washington's Bolling Field, where he is bidding goodbye to B-29 men leaving for Saipan.



MAPPING TROUBLE for the Japs are (above, left to right) Brig. Gen. Emmett O'Donnell, Jr., who bosses a wing of the 21st Bomber Command; Lt. Gen. Millard F. Harmon, head man of the AAF in the Pacific; and Brig. Gen. Haywood S. Hansell, Jr., Commanding General of the 21st.

CUT-UPS shown here duplicating their caricatures on their plane, "Waddy's Wagon" (below), are not funny to the Nips. Fifth Superfort to take off on the first Tokyo strike from Saipan, the "Wagon" was the first to return after lambasting the vital Jap target.



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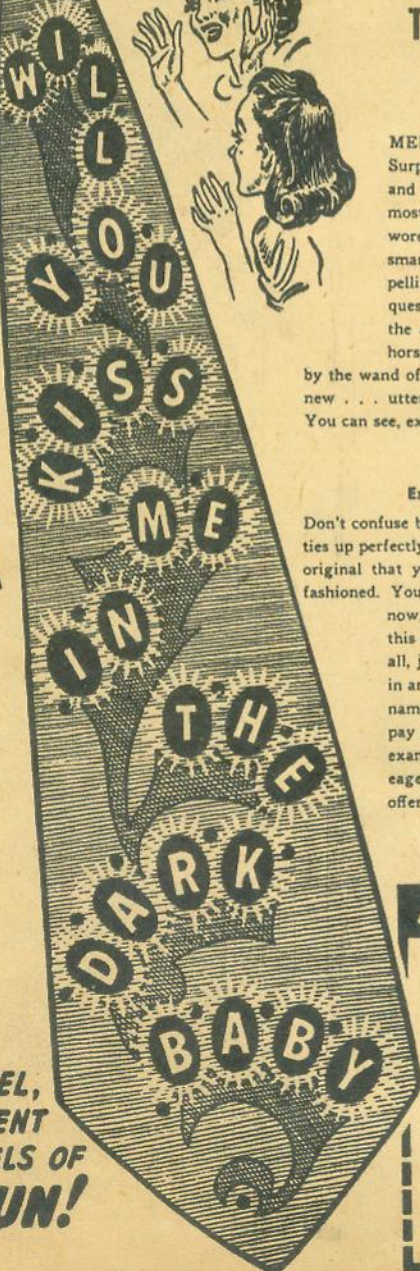


A SMART
TIE BY DAY



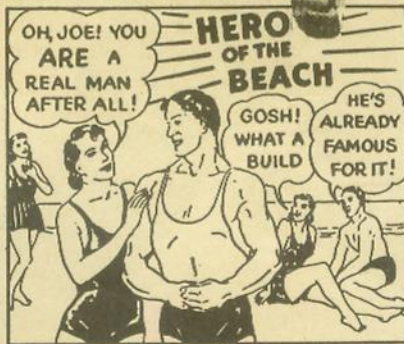
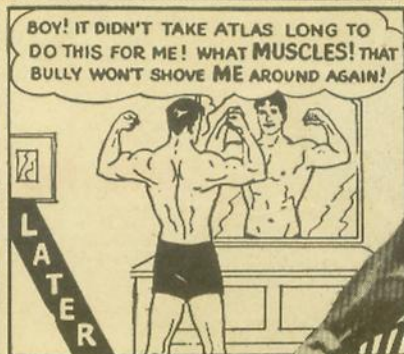
A MAGIC
TIE AT
NIGHT

IT'S NOVEL,
DIFFERENT
BARRELS OF
FUN!



HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



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